

# Maclean's

# THE PAYOFF GAME

**Why did  
Canada give  
this man  
\$15 million?**



# Macleans

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One of the finest Canadian Whiskies  
this country has ever tasted.



**The big payoff** Even during the Lookheed scandal Canada emerged better than most, but now at least two Crown corporations are mired in international payoffs. Maclean's writers Ian Urquhart, Kevin Doyle and William Lowther explore the "secret society" of the international wheeler-dealers, people like the shadowy Stuart Eizenberg.  
**Page 20.**



**Food word for Jamaica** Of all the "islands in the sun" Jamaica today seems the most likely to explode. On the eve of a general election an unemployment is above 34% violence has erupted the road sector trade and as Kevin Doyle discovered, one perception of the election is that it is less a choice between two parties as between Carment and the CIA.  
**Page 44.**



**A woman for all seasons** A few days in the life of Sophia Loren as the poor sheik her husband—indeed a woman, her fellow, in Montreal. Walter Huxley Skoward adds a new paragraph to the Loren legend, describing her as perhaps the finest actress in the world, and then recording her taste when charged as delicious for a restaurant week at the Ritz-Carlton.  
**Page 36.**



**All the world's a kitchen** It asked to look up a lot of things Canada excelled at, so, few of us would include cooking. But the fact is that, as Frank Furt, a team of 26 chefs from across Canada placed second in the World Culinary Olympiad—and more important they lost the French at (apparently) their own game.  
**Page 28.**



**You've had your checkup and everything's fine, right? Don't be too sure!** It may be, as Dr. James Pascoe points out, that the usual physical is presently contraindicated makes no difference whatever in terms of being sick or well or living or dying. The signs seem to prove it.  
**Page 74.**



**Since the house is a children's** Some Christmas gifts are no better, require no changes of wardrobe and never even wear out. Marilyn Powell has compiled for Maclean's readers a list of such gifts—books, some bizarre fashions, some subtle real estate, and all appropriate.  
**Page 60.**



# Interview

With Ivan Illich

Ivan Illich was born in Vienna in 1926; his father was a diplomat, his mother a Spaniard. He grew up in Naples and at the end of World War II attended the universities of Florence, Rome and Salzburg obtaining degrees in history, philosophy and theology. An exceptional linguist, he speaks a dozen languages. In 1950 Illich went to New York where he served as a parish priest in an Irish-Puerto Rican slum. In 1956 he was appointed vice-chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico. He resigned from that post five years later, and in 1965 helped launch a movement that eventually became CIDIAC, the Centre of Intercultural Documentation at Cuernavaca, Mexico.

In 1969 Illich began publishing a series of books that earned him a worldwide reputation as an independent critic of industrial institutions. His attacks have been consistently contrasted on education, transportation and medicine. *Celebration of Awareness* appeared in 1969; it was followed by *Deschooling Society* (1971), *Tools for Conviviality* (1973), *Energy and Equity* (1975) and *Limit to Medicine* (1978). His books are works of impeccable scholarship, the products of a remarkable analytical mind. Illich holds a mirror up to an ugly age that he regards as bent on self-destruction. He has been called a prophet, but the prophet himself does not feel comfortably on his shoulders. "I speak of the past and of the present, not of the future," he says. He is not a pessimist, nor is he a revolutionary—he just says the implications of his work are revolutionary. Illich has been accused of being optimistic, arrogant, provocative, presumptuous, but on the occasion of this interview he seemed the reverse. He has the quiet, ascetic face of a scholar, but there is the warmth of the priest, his courtesy, his humility, his infinite patience. He is slight, very intense. His intellectual stamina is complemented by what can only be described as a moral tenderness. He speaks to his far-flung journalist hosts in the Spanish tone he sometimes allows that it is impossible not to be uplifted by being in the presence of Ivan Illich.

## THE MORE GENEROUS 'MISSIONARIES' ARE IN THE THIRD WORLD THE MORE DANGEROUS

ing or sickening again. Now, usually in medical literature, uterine cancer is reserved for the unwed, the consequences of venereal disease which are treatable, therefore, disease from medical commissions which cause cancer, and from medical experiments which might cause disease.

**Mackinnon:** When modern medical treatment involves the use of powerful drugs whose side effects are accepted as being as bad as the disease itself, is it not a double-edged sword?

**Illich:** Even remedy, almost by biological logic, may have side-effects—especially if it is a pharmaceutical, a powerful chemical, not only if it is, but if it is a doctor's words but some other effects. In fact, the more spe-



cific the primary effect is, will be more profound. And it is in reference to these unwanted side effects of phenomena of surgical interventions, of radiological interventions, that uterine cancer is the narrowest sector has been a pitfall.

**Mackinnon:** But you do not doubt the upshot of the harm to exclude chemical, social and cultural heterogeneity. Let's talk about some of these extra dimensions, be joining with chemical heterogeneity.

**Illich:** I include in chemical heterogeneity the reversible unwanted side effects of most powerful treatments or interventions which are formally well accepted by the doctor, those which are not foreseen, either because of his negligence or because of scientific evidence on such treatments—that is a second category. Third, I include there all side damage that results from wrong judgments, systemic breakdown, lack of communication between patient and doctor, run-up of information in the treatment establishment.

**Mackinnon:** Give me a concrete example.

**Illich:** A woman friend of mine is just at this moment writing a very important book on photography. Her doctor had informed her that he intended to take off her breast. She went for a final checkup to the best American radiological diagnostician, a woman doctor. Just for security. And this woman doctor took out her X-rays and put them up on the screen. There were five different photos of her breast. And she said to her "Miss So-and-so, I don't see any reason for you to have this operation. There's a slight shadow there, the operation I know is scheduled for the day after tomorrow, but I have already telephoned your doctor to call it off, looking at the evidence, there is hardly anything for you to worry about now. Let's review it after a while."

**Mackinnon:** And what was your friend's response?

**Illich:** Now a normal person would not have been granted this request. My friend said: "I'm working on a book on photography. For this reason I'm particularly interested in seeing how one can look into one's own studies with radiography. May I look at these pictures?" And somewhat reluctantly the doctor agreed. And when my friend looked at the X-rays, she said:

"But, doctor, the name on these pictures is very interesting to me, but it is not mine!"

**Mackinnon:** Are there many similar cases that are documented?

**Illich:** I can refer you to an article in the most reputable of all U.S. medical journals

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**Mackinnon:** Is your friend back? Listen to Medicine, you organize her medical establishment has become a major threat to health. Central to your book is the concept of heterogeneity. Can you explain what you mean by that concept?

**Illich:** *Arche* is the Greek word for healer, primary means origin. Heterogeneity literally means "doctor-professioning disease." And as

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## Christmas '76. Picture it.



that data epidemiologically with this kind of fine-up of K. my phone. For that purpose, you need a very wide base. You need thousands of men-up in order to analyze them statistically.

**Mandelstam:** Do they suffer there three hours, besides of such major sites?

**Wilder:** This article about documents hundreds I include in clinical investigations, therefore most of what is done in hospitals I have spoken three months ago with a team of young doctors in the largest hospital in the United States, Cook County Hospital in Chicago. In the estimate of these doctors, four-fifths of all treatment for leukemia, poisoning, angina, heart and infection are required because of aggression against the organism that were caused in the hospital rather than outside the hospital. That is, it is four-fifths more probable that you be treated for a wound that was scalped-infected in you rather than caused by your wife's kitchen knife. Or that you were treated for a burn that originated with a machine in the hospital than by a kitchen stove. Or that you are treated for poisoning induced by a quick rape rather than poisoning induced by ingesting a toxic substance at home. Clinical investigations contain a very important form of damage to health, but it is dwarfed by what I call social investigations.

**Mandelstam:** How would you define social investigation?

**Wilder:** By social investigations I mean the health-detracting effect of a professional monopoly over health-care.

**Mandelstam:** Please explain the term "professional monopoly."

**Wilder:** Professionals are just one form that the control by workers can take. People with specialized knowledge tend to seek control over the work they do. Soldiers of fortune created bands or gangs to deny loyalty to a prince who wouldn't allow them to plunder. Medieval guilds of shoemakers determined what tools an apprentice had to go through before he was allowed to show fellow shoemakers. Unions, at least in capitalist countries, have some say on who shall work under what conditions and for what pay. What all these trade associations have in common is that they establish control over what work should be done.

**Mandelstam:** It seems to me that in order to understand how social investigations work, it is necessary to discuss at least between the professional and the employer. History has showed the knowledge detaches the tool. The doctor because a professional when prescribing medicine became a gentleman job and bleeding was left to a barber basic-sucking-to-a-surgeon, tooth extraction to the tooth-puller, delivery to the midwife, and minor surgery to the pharmacist. The doctor changed from a craftsman into a liberal professional.

**Mandelstam:** What do you mean by a "liberal professional?"

**Wilder:** A liberal professional is one who requires needs to a person who comes to seek his help. Instead of prescribing individual needs in a person, the professional organizes in such a way the need of definition when society needs. The liberal professional is now mutated into a universal professional. The prescribing counselor or advisor treated once a social entrepreneur—a working intermediary of opposing opinion about other people's needs. And when this happened, medicine acquired exactly new powers to prescribe autonomous health care.

**Mandelstam:** How would you rate up social investigations?

**Wilder:** To sum it up I would call social investigations the destruction in the driveway.



**YOU ARE FOUR TIMES MORE LIKELY TO BE INJURED IN A HOSPITAL THAN OUTSIDE ONE**

reason of conditions for health care: that are a result of professional monopoly over health care.

**Mandelstam:** Could you give a comparative evaluation of the medical system of other countries? Do your judgments in the Chinese medical system more efficient than that of North America?

**Wilder:** It is less health-detracting at this moment currently. One reason for this is that Chinese much less money is spent. But no doubt something extraordinary happened between 1966 and 1971, when the definition of what constitutes disease and the judgment of who is sick became linked to the economic itself situation. That is, defining what constitutes disease used to be a professional task, and it became a political and economic task. But this has been reversed again very strongly since 1971, and in fact I can see now the domination over politics and methods used in health pro-

cesses in China are now as close as capitalism is in the United States.

**Mandelstam:** Is this equally one of the Russian medical system?

**Wilder:** The Russian system is substantially the same. Nevertheless, their mixture of allowing private health public hospitals in England, you can argue that the fundamental goal of the Russian system have been better implemented in England than in Russia.

**Mandelstam:** Let's move from medicine now, to other other subjects with which you have been concerned in your writings. May I begin with transportation. You believe that the volume and complexity of traffic represent a threat to mobility.

**Wilder:** It can be shown—and I have done this in my book *Energy And Equity*—that whenever in a society vehicles with top speeds above 20 mph are used for traffic, mutual accountability with doctors. People will speed more and more hours involved by traffic and, thus, a extraordinary, will spend more rather than less life time in rush mile they go. In other words, as vehicles in a society run beyond 20 mph (and this is independent from technical and political considerations) they will create distance for everybody by disturbing traffic patterns and will overcome them preferentially only for a few. You can understand this. Vehicles that run above 20 mph are automatically systems for the next transfer of power and possibly from a majority to a minority.

**Mandelstam:** The rarely 20 mph is hardly a realistic figure for a motor in a modern world. Is that correct?

**Wilder:** Twenty mph is just to show that the person who is not used to a gas station cannot conceive of the socially critical threshold in the acceleration of vehicles. A study that was done in Mexico shows that 99% of all accidents in two typical states occur in the year of the study, even once moved over a distance of 20 miles or less than the limit. Therefore that speed limit is a blood battle of social values, too low to be taken seriously by high-school graduates, and much too high to be meaningful for traditional people.

**Mandelstam:** You obviously just very strongly about the street traffic part, not only in human life and health, but so.

**Wilder:** Rationality? It becomes a religious into which one is forced for the sake of efficiency, of efficiency—which is really the most degrading form of primitivism.

**Mandelstam:** You have written and spoken eloquently about the problems that affect modern, or industrialized societies. Do you think these problems can be resolved in political terms?

**Wilder:** I see the whole thing as a political one, or more precisely as an issue of redistribution. **Mandelstam:** Can legislation really provide answers to problems of such magnitude? And where are we to find the steps that will be enough to recognize and deal with the issues you have described?



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# With the traditional Canadian 'mixed marriage' doomed, do we split-or rewrite the contract?

Column by John Hamey

Within 10 years, Quebec and the rest of Canada, the French- and the English-speaking peoples living in this half of North America, will have worked out a new relationship. They will deal with each other on a basis of equality, there will be real respect for each other's being here, and clear and specific rules will govern their dealings with each other. The conclusion will show whether Quebec is formally independent or an associate state or a member of a reformed confederation. How we come to it will decide whether it will be friendly or filled with bitterness. We really have no choice on our destination. The only choice we have is where we get there, and that choice in turn will govern how close we will get to each other.

That's why Bill Clinton Canada must write itself a new constitution, a new contract between two peoples and that this new constitution can be arrived at only through a constitutional assembly or constitutional convention that draws members from the entire the special status of Quebec. At the very least, the victory of the Parti Quebecois in the November 15 election amplified on the part of the voters a willingness to put an old and formal question: the relationship of Quebec with the rest of Canada. Now René Lévesque will put the question of independence to a referendum. If it does not pass, and if the PQ is elected once more, the question will be put again. The question will be before the Quebecers (and, indirectly, all other Canadians) until it is acted for full or near independence, or until Quebec acknowledges that our future will not be set out. Quebec must have a difference in relation with the rest of Canada from what it has now whether that status defines itself as independence, associate statehood, or independence with a clear and explicit difference from that of the other provinces.

We have to put two notions out of our minds completely: one is that things are simply going to change in all, and the other is that things are going to change slowly. We will not be able to maintain the entire of Confederation with its shaky federal-provincial structure and the spacy concept of official bilingualism, but there will always be with us in northern North America a French-speaking nation, for even separation will not take or send it away.

The essence of Confederation is simply displayed in the federal provincial conference, such as the one this month in Ottawa. The federal-provincial conference does not work because it is based on a fo-



tion, which is that all the provinces are alike or almost alike. Beyond the difference in their sizes (Ontario and PQ and place QC and Newfoundland), there is no other difference in the governments of the English-speaking provinces do not have the mandate that the government of Quebec has, wherever its political stripe. The former are elected by their residents to run schools, hospitals, roads and cities. The latter is chosen by its people not only to do all these things but also to preserve and enhance a language and a culture—an effect to represent that people and protect its interests. René Lévesque, premier/president of Quebec, will be discharging a duty passed on by Daniel Johnson, Jean Lesage, Maurice Duplessis and Philippe Péladeau. To mention a few. Viewed clearly, the federal-provincial conference, when it deals with more than housekeeping, is an opportunity for Quebec to recover formally with Quebec in the game of dealing primarily with all the provinces. Since it has not been formally admitted that Quebec is not a province like the others, the theme of general federal-provincial meetings has had to be avoided.

Canada is not a unitary country. It contains at least two peoples, one clearly defined, the French and the other less so, the English. If it does not soon emerge as a national nation formally and explicitly, it will live apart and slowly at that. The experience of the Americans is there to remind us that constitutional, statutory and judicial do not come easily, remember that we had the war between the states, they'll try even though we all spoke the same language.

As we did 100 years before, we Canadians were making far progress toward constitutional reform from 1963 to 1980. We developed a spangly formula, shared programs, established a Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, and seriously debated the Trudeau-Parsons formula, special status and the rest. It wasn't easy but we were trying.

Since we all became a little kind of the effort, it was no secret to hear Pierre Trudeau tell us that Quebec was a province like the others after all, and that all we had to do to make French-Canadian nationalism go away and keep Canada together was to make the French feel at home in all of Canada by giving them service from the federal government in their language and an equal chance with the rest of us to work for and progress at that government. It effort, "bilingualism" would stop separation. The saving of Confederation was made the personal task of each and every Canadian. It was all very noble, very generous, and very wrong. How wrongly put the rest is now to have a Hugh MacLennan (MacLennan's November 13 says that the efforts of rate and wages of goodwill to foster understanding have been thwarted by political forces within Quebec and by the success of the rest of Canada).

Those Canadians who had come to learn that such a personal, liberal approach to what had to be a tough, hardheaded but essentially fair negotiation of a relationship between collectives were alerted by the Trudeau party of 1968 and the events of October 1970. It is a cold caution for them now to be able to say that they were right all along, that Trudeau was wrong, that separation has grown in Quebec along with a concomitant defeatism in the rest of Canada, could not be because it may now be too late to do what should have been done by now, write a new agreement in constitutional form between the peoples of English and French Canada, and to do so on a basis of equality as a constant necessity, at some such open and deliberative device.

Even if we were all to become bilingual (an opportunity perhaps desirable but certainly unlikely), even if we were to resolve all grievances between English and French Canada, we would still need a new contract between ourselves. We had better be getting on with it soon.

John Hamey is a former NDP Member of Parliament.


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# Letters

As it happens, here's how As It Happens really happened

Doug Fitzhugh's review of Barbara Frum's *As It Happened* (November 15) compounds the book's shortcomings as a record of what really happened. The idea of *As It Happened* was not, as they both suggest, borrowed from a West German radio show based on a program proposal submitted to CBC management in March, 1966, which derived from the notion that the successful phone-in format could be reversed for the live coverage of current affairs. Oddly enough, I discussed this notion with Barbara Frum who, at the time, was radio columnist with *The Toronto Star*. It took more than two years of lobbying and several pilot programs to overcome the hostility of CBC brass. But on any event, the program, I launched in November, 1968, was still in advance of similar German programs that had begun in 1966.

Fitzhugh panders to Frum's conceit that virtually nothing happened until she arrived on the scene. In fact, the original *As It Happens*, co-hosted by Phil Fournier and Harry Brown, quashed the audience of its once-weekly off peak slot within six months. Subsequently, under William Ronald and Harry Brown, it maintained that popularity until, as a measure both of its success and that of its Friday afternoon, it was allocated an present peak-audience slot on a daily basis. Both Fournier and Ronald brought off things altogether comparable to those claimed by Frum and they did so under the exacting conditions of live radio.

I told myself disbelievers by Frum's evasion of her book of the plain fact that all almost all her interviews have been produced and polished by tape editing. She states that "the show is done live." Yet the

early listeners who hear it live are those in the Maritimes, and even they hear only the continuity between interviews live; the rest of Canada hears a taped and homogenized package. To my mind there is something ethically dubious about the tacit contracted permission of *As It Happens* to live programs. Surely Barbara Frum's considered life takes are real enough to reverse the truth.

RAY CLERTY, TORONTO

**Not exactly a case of victim-blame**  
In *The Wrong Man To Kill* (November 15) there is a suggestion that Canadians have not complained about land swindlers. The reference, through the Consul General in Los Angeles, is that we either have been one-victim or that Canadians "prefer to let their wounds lie silent." Neither is correct. An *As It Happens* Live we have handled dozens of problems involving land schemes on behalf of British Columbians who have purchased land right across The State Real Estate Department in Phoenix is, in fact, one of the problems we referred to them. The studio does not avoid if your writer contacted the department so I have no way of knowing whether or not the fact was covered up.

RAY CRATLEN, EDITOR, ACTION LINE  
THE PROVINCE, VANCOUVER

Allusions to the notorious Woodward and Bernstein in *The Wrong Man To Kill* do a disservice to a great novel. It occurred to me one of the points of the film *400 Blows* (John Ford's *Meat*) was that investigative reporting is mostly run and bled. One recalls Robert Redford (dramatizing) through every phone book in America (and he gets to the last, looking for one more. And there's

Hoffman, nervously sipping coffee in the home of a not-to-be-trusted-Bay-uh Washington secretary as he scribbles after a wary, hardly comes across as glacial about. The presence of the phone wheel looming against Bernstein's desk throughout the movie is an inescapable illustration of interviews were often made on a 10-speed, a whole hard to arm with a bomb.

ALAN WILKETT, NORTH VANCOUVER

**There's less to this than meets the eye**  
Peter Minnow's "What's Good For Canada" (November 15) concerning the ending of federal public service pensions ignores certain important aspects of this question.

Minnow does not mention that federal public servants pay for their pensions at the rate of 7% of their gross annual salaries. The government, as in the practice of most good employers, matches this contribution. Assuming for the sake of simplicity, a level annual salary of \$17,000 over a 25-year period and a modest savings interest of 7% compounded annually over the same period, the total accumulated value of the pension would be about \$120,000, which at current interest rates, would yield an annual income of about \$12,000 and the capital would remain intact. In actual practice, a public service pensioner with 25 years service and a base six-year average salary of \$30,000 would receive a pension of \$18,000 a year. If the pensioner lived for five years after retirement, in the age of 65, he would receive something less than his total contributions to the pension fund, even if his pension was reduced to the cost of living at the rate of 8% a year.

W. A. MARTIN, VICTORIA

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**We've got to step-mother like this**  
A *Tempest* Fable To Connoisseurs (November 7) pointed out some of the poor attitudes some Canadians have toward bilingualism. One comment about Franks trying to make Canada a French colony showed how necessary some Canadians are and how little they know about the foundation of this country.

Hasidites harbored by westerners (part of all of them, and) seem to come from the West's anti-language-but-French background—or why they would have to believe. It's true the west was opened up by Germans, Ukrainians and Yugoslav settlers but a *Volksfraktion* that Muschies during the late 1800s had a sizable French-speaking population. Eastern hasidites are similar to those of the West, but because the eastern provinces border on, or are close to, Quebec, it seems there is added to the question based on economics and petty politics. All said, those from either region share the common feeling that French is being "choked down their throats." Ontario's recent ban to use the use of French in the air and in a post-revolutionary to push its bilingualism program too far too quickly have done little to ease the resentment harbored by some Canadians. But aside from all the controversy of having two official languages and noting that French is taught in schools to schoolchildren, most Canadians just don't know, or perhaps don't care, that Canada was formed in 1867 with the proviso that both French and English be accepted as the official languages. The British North American Act said to it that both English and French Canadians were guaranteed government services in their own languages. The federal government recently has been trying to see to it that the same right is extended across the country and this has been met with opposition in the past of being a waste of money.

Bilingualism in Canada is a reality. It won't go away and hide. Whatever the requests of Ottawa's present policy on the subject, the fact will remain that Canada is a two-language country and for this country to remain a country—from Atlantic to Pacific—Canadians from all regions must accept bilingualism as a fact of Canadian life.

RELIE GATES TORONTO

**Here we go again with our continuous annual "Ten-"** Bilingualism is a point of national headlines, front pages and *Maclean's* November 7 cover. In Quebec it was an election year. Eleven years ago the report of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism expressed the overwhelming concern of 10 commissioners that Canada was "moving through the greatest crisis in its history" over the language issue.

As an "issue" bilingualism is fast becoming a mark of Canada's adolescence—our prolonged growing pains. Make no mistake, I think the royal b-b-buzz

apud us follows have been doing constructive work for Canada. Of course there are some who can't take it without to continue their "best of all possible worlds" to a national childhood. They are those who can't face up to the challenges of living with another; can't use that "other" point of view, don't want to learn that "other" language, don't want to share the same national bed, bury their heads in their bunkbooks, ignore the cultural realities and most much of the fun of being Canadian. Fortunately, an increasing number are actively involved in a larger, fuller context—working on school boards to get French (or English) introduced in

the earliest grades, having private teachers for extracurricular language classes, setting up special schools, organizing bilingual social and cultural exchanges, providing company funds for language courses. They are seeking, reading, listening to, learning, involving themselves with and enjoying the heritage and the challenges we live in living with one of the greatest linguistic and cultural contributions of Western civilization. That evidence is there too. It needs more seeking out for traditions and great events.

Sure we Canadians rub up against one another in confusion. There is violence, bias and occasional sparks. There is passion

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But surely this is snailing. Our country is alive and breathing. These are signs of vigor, of growth and of contentment.

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What is really bothering English-speaking Canada today is a guilty conscience. And many English-speaking Canadians haven't owned up to it. In almost every province outside of Quebec, French-speaking people have been discriminated against. In the armed forces this has been true too. In business and industry, too many of us have acted as though this was an English-speaking country pure and simple. And while Quebec was a predominantly agricultural and inward-looking society, we could get away with it.

Those days are past. French-Canadians have moved into the 20th century as overwhelming numbers and they are just not willing to be treated as second-class citizens. Three cheers! I register that at least our governments—our federal governments—has made an honest attempt to right the wrongs. I wish the same could be said of the provinces.

I was in Ottawa 10 years ago. Civil servants didn't even try to hide their hostility toward French-speaking people. Ottawa was an English-speaking capital, make no mistake about it. I was in Ottawa again this past summer. What a change! I overheard people being served in French without any fuss. I heard buses being called in both languages. It was a different city and a much more likable one. I am not saying that there are no problems to solve. Far from it. But if we begin by admitting that we are not a little England or a little United States, we will have gone a long way toward solutions. If we square our shoulders and say as Popeye does "I am what I am," then there is no problem big enough to stop us.

ALLEN BONGARDSON, BASKETBOON

It's not nice to feel Mother Nature.

I never Adele Freedman as one of those sophisticated Toronto crones who try to prove anything that shows quiet life in the country is a good thing. She may be so used to tall robbery plains which make up the indoor "scenery" of office buildings that she would find the fresh air in Gabrielle Roy's *Excelsior Summer* (September 20) inferior to an condominium. And as for Jeanette, the crow, swinging in the wind on a wild cherry tree, and Long Skinny Money, the cat who lived a distracted life looking for glitters to hide her kitchen—well, all this and more would be run so much sentimental muck stuff for Adele.

But the more technological and hard our society becomes, the more we need writers like Gabrielle Roy to remind us of our humanity and of the harmony that could exist between man and nature. Western man's modernity will be his destruction of all that Gabrielle Roy writes about with such love and understanding in *Excelsior Summer*. She is of that great company of writers—Rainer Maria, Albert Schweitzer,

and, Antonio, de Santa-Elvira and many others who show the power of the heart and imagination and love for this earth. Critics with more analytical minds than creative writers often show that in their latest reviews when Susan Sontag calls "the revenge of the intellect upon art." Such was Adele Freedman's review—a dry crucifixion in *Time's* swamps of passion with Resonance the cow thoughtfully chewing her cud while Adele takes notes.

ELAINE HARRISON, FERNWOOD, P.E.I.

Three cheers for the skipper.

Thanks to *Maclean's* for its outstanding long overdue recognition to Allan MacEachern.

(November 1), the atropine Cape Bretoner who is successfully and of my captured the federal Liberal ship through so many political storms while more braided colleagues such as John Turner assumed a sophisticated and media-entrancing stance near the lifeboats.

J. FRANK ET AL. WINDFIRE

The's Anti

Harold April 2nd, *De L'Esprit* (November 1) on Yugoslavia, disappointing in that, like all other such articles preoccupied with the possible post-Yu era, viable or no parallel has been seen with the French Fifth Republic under De Gaulle. Over em

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realism may modify the political position writing that the Fifth Republic had been referred to by Giscard and would not last his passing. It is perhaps noteworthy that one born little of such literature has done about the Fifth Republic. Secondly, as it is my contention that analysis do a great disservice to the Yugoslav people and political system by suggesting repeatedly that without Tito the Yugoslav social system is inherently unstable. Tito provided a great stabilizer and politician, but not single-handedly guided Yugoslavia's worker-organized society. The residence of the Yugoslav was seen both in World War II and during the Communist ouster of 1948 and should not be underestimated in the years to come.

DR. ALAN WHITEHEAD  
INSTITUTE OF CANADIAN STUDIES  
CARLETON UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA

### Up against the wall, interviewee

Walter Stewart's interview with C. Jackson Grayson Jr. (November 1) regarding controls was journalistic at its best. By the end of the interview Grayson was reduced to nothing. "Well, that's true," Stewart was far better prepared for the interview than was Grayson.

WALTER S. BORN VANCOUVER

### Shaking on the labors

If Joe Clark is a "communist" as you say in the *Weekend Magazine* (November 1) surely sophisticated Pierre Trudeau is a socialist in the "human-Rad-blue-dead" tradition.

CHARLES ADDENDON MARKHAM, ONT.

The fact that the Liberal cabinet turned down White Communist Industries' proposed take-over of Winnipeg-based Canada Limited under "extraordinary public pressure" seems to indicate that automation is hardly a dead issue. This is something that "communitarians" such as Conservative leader Joe Clark should consider very carefully. It is obvious that the federal government, and most of the provincial governments as well, have refused to deal with the very real problem of automation savings realized in any meaningful way. For the sake of our future as a nation, let us ensure that any such governments realize that they are conducting political suicide!

VINCENT BELLOU, PhD, TORONTO

### More widespread than first believed

Another *Maclean's* Ticker Over (November 18) discusses a Transponder being used in Edmonton to read meters for hydro, gas and water utilities. Bell Canada has, for the past year, been running similar tests in North York on a system of boxes that according to your story, are able to do so during the middle of Edmonton.

JO ANN RODDHAM, THORNHILL, ONT.

### Gophers have feelings too

It was with great pleasure that I read in the *Day of The Gopher* (November 1) that one

of my favorite books was to be filmed. However, I shall not be seeing it. I saw enough of gopher hunting when I grew up and taught school in Saskatchewan. As a young child, like most other children on the prairies that were lured by the dream of three cents a rat multiplied by a very large figure, I set out on my own gopher hunt with a trap, sack and a pint of water. One gopher was enough—too much. I did finally learn that one must come to terms with the idea that animals must be killed for one reason or another, but in the killing the act fast and painless is possible. Not all children who caught and killed gophers learned their lesson, but some did.

The gopher episode was supposed to teach the sanctity of life but usually Michael's account of this lesson has resulted in the re-education of the cruelty he witnessed.

DOROTHY HORTON, VANCOUVER

*Day of The Gopher* prompted me to want to express my disgust at the inhumane treatment inflicted upon a number of gophers in order to make a 90-second commercial for the film *White Man Sows the Wind*. The screenplay called for "a gopher to be flooded out of his burrow, whereupon Jerry (a dog) would snout it, one of Brian's buddies would retrieve it, then snap its tail off by whirling it around and then being it

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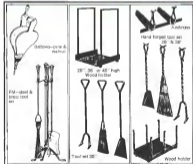
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It—tallies that will arrive—on these wine-where on the windowsill you see. "Eighteen gophers were moved for use in filming the scene. One gopher was placed in a cage to get out of its cage. In order to record a shot of Ruffy jumping and snoring, a gopher was held just out of reach of the dog, who eventually succeeded in killing it. Another gopher barely escaped the same fate. Yet another was drowned in its tank. Others refused to run from the dog—they were so terrified they froze in their tracks. How incredible that we have no law in Canada to protect each tasteless cruelty!"



A bill was recently defeated by a one vote free vote margin in the California Legislature (the bill had already passed the Senate) that would have made possible action by the California Attorney General to prohibit the showing in California of any movie made anywhere in the world in which there was clear, hard evidence of cruelty to animals in the shooting of such a film. It is certainly feasible that such legislation will be passed in the near future, and other states are sure to follow California's lead. Should this happen, it will be disastrous financially for *White Men Slew The Wind*.

P. MARVIN GITTANA

### A situation obviously out of control

On the cover of your October 18 issue is sent Controls Over Your Larder. By controls in Canada you mean Quebec, Ontario, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver. We have not noticed any controls in the north, but then we don't count as there are so few people here. Last year our gas was \$2 cents a gallon. This year it is \$1.14. Maxwell House coffee was \$2.50 for a 40-ounce jar, but this year it is \$4.30. Salmon was \$2.25 a pound, now it's \$3.89 a pound. Our workmen are now getting \$72 for five hours work and an apprentice gets \$64 for four hours work. With all the crises we have in Canada it's stupid to say wage and price controls. The only people on wage control are the ones on pressure or welfare.

ANNE MARIE F. NELSON BC

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—Lowell Thomas

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# Preview

In case Tricky Dick's got some tricks left, Frost is hedging his bets

The much publicized interview of Richard Nixon, faded President, by David Frost, faded television personality, hasn't even taken place yet but Frost's lawyers are already preparing for the possibility of a lawsuit against Nixon. The reason is this: Frost has agreed to pay Nixon roughly \$750,000 for an exclusive 24 hours of television taping, probably to take place in the spring; the quad prepoo was that Nixon would answer all questions, however painful and embarrassing, including those about the extent of 196 minutes of a crucial Watergate tape, Nixon's knowledge of the "Kangaroo hearings" and what Nixon really knew about his Phoenician. Frost has said he expects Nixon to be candid, but is not taking any chances. If Nixon steers, not causes the lawsuit. The plan is for Frost to edit personally the 24 hours down to four 50-minute segments. Nixon will have no say in what Frost decides to run or not run.

## Your kind of town?

At last a Christmas gift for the man (or woman) who has everything, something that even Norman Macdonald doesn't find in his catalogue of wretched self-indulgences. A town. St. Victor, Saskatchewan, about 140 miles southwest of Regina, is up for bids. Included are 16 houses, one store, one 3,400-square-foot office complete with dormitory and canteen. Not included are a Catholic church, eight other houses, an auto body shop and the 210 inhabitants. The asking price: \$419,850. Agents: Royal Trust Real Estate in Regina. The word is apparently none. What happened was that St. Victor, which was incorporated as a village in 1964, has never been anything other than a one-company town and the company Family Life Assurance, is ceasing and St. Victor simply isn't big enough any more. And, says Jake Arnold, the Royal Trust salesman, St. Victor is "A-1 in town and shape—and it may be the only town in your life when you can have the chance to set your own mill rate."

## Gorilla tactics

As Rod Taylor (or maybe it was George Arant) remarked at the well-banded funeral of the departed Columba Petros



A big hand for James Earl Ray: catching in an exciting one

chief Harry Cohen, "give the people what they want and they're bound to turn up" (or words to that effect). For the last year David de Lauretis has been convincing people that what they want is *King Kong*, so successfully that a whole *Kong* industry developed around the [illegible] \$24-million remake of the 1933 classic—even before its opening in more than 1,000 theatres in mid-November. The word can look forward not merely to the movie starring Jessica Lange, but for things like shaped-charge whistkey decanters, *Kong Kong* candy bars, key chains containing an actual hair from the 45-foot artificial monster. Viewmaster slides, and the almost exhaustive collection of decals, T-shirts and drinking cups. The name of the game is "promotional tie-in," and what De Lauretis and distributor Paramount Pictures are doing is sending their product's potential marketability for free advertising. It's assumed, that the promotional tie-in for *King Kong* will be worth \$10 million.

## The sky's the limit

Waste wastrels begin career with "Words fail." "and then go on to prove it. Well, words fail." When adjective could possibly describe Ar France's plan for New Year's Eve? For \$4,500 per person a Canonic will fly from Paris to Washington showing passengers to celebrate New Year's in Paris over the Atlantic, and finally in Washington at the French Embassy. Aside from the straight profitability factor for Air France, the "Encores III" as

the hype describes the venture, is yet another public relations attempt to get the two-to-five-in-the-head Canadian market at North American airports other than Dulles. Anyway, the passengers will be getting more than just a plane ride for their money. They will fly to the French Embassy in Washington December 28, wind and dined and whisked off to Paris's Hotel Inter-Continental. The next day they'll be treated to a banquet and cabaret. Then on the forty-first, after a gourmet breakfast and private showing at Pierre Cardin's the treble bachelors with a one-course meal: dress in Paris, first in flight, and finally in Washington—plus a succession of the finest and most appropriate wines. As an initiation to one prominent Canadian (who declined, with thanks) said "Let me tell you... this is not everyone's party."

## It ain't so, Joe

The Grand Design of Canadian Labor Congress president Joe Morris for a share in running the country is crumbling and may be fully blown to dust by mid-December. It is then that the executive council of the CLC, which has become increasingly not in the area of a "separate body" (where government, labor and business would not only jointly direct investment in Canada but also meet with funds borrowed from the Canada Pension Plan) will meet. Government and business thought it was a lousy idea, and so did the CLC labor's political arm since 1964. Many workers fear such an arrangement because of the potential for business-government domination. At the height of Morris' rhetoric and posturing, the 2.2 million-member labor movement was beginning to show more than just a little disenchanted with the New Democrats, especially with the Schreyer and Mulroney governments in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, which went along with the labor-despised wage and price controls. But it appears now, following a five-hour summit meeting between Morris and federal party leader Ed Broadbent on November 29, that labor is really getting back into bed with the new Morris now has the biggest problem: how to move fast.







Landry, Levesque, Claude Morin, Jacques Yvan Morin, Lévesque, Bureau, Parizeau and Morin: facing the "morning after"

phibitionist government. The new government is drawn up many of the sides of the 10."

New leader Ed Broadbent argues that Trudeau's "total reliance on bilingualism as the solution to the problems of Canadian federalism has been a catastrophic failure" and that "despite a head of ignorance... through his rigidity and lack of imagination he has helped bring a closer" in the West, as Alberta premier Peter Lougheed put it in a speech at Queen's University (he is concerned that "bilingualism as the Quebec solution" is "a pre-occupation with solving a valid but irrelevant problem from weaknesses in the economy and other regional grievances from the Quebec's largely Anglophone staff there is a feeling that while Quebec is a major problem," it is not the only one we need to deal with).

On the issue of Quebec separatist federalists struggle since its early referendum, in addition to stirring up the issue in an inevitably will generate economic uncertainty, they reason that the longer the 10 has to mull itself as a credible government, the less likely it is that the referendum will be on independence. "It wouldn't be a vote on independence," says one Trudeau aide. "It would be a referendum on Lévesque." One disturbing element of the situation in Trudeau's circle is the view that the crisis is an opportunity for him to "get a new lease on life" in English Canada, that the potential partition of Canada will help improve his ratings in the polls.

Conservative leader Joe Clark, for new the only serious alternative to Trudeau

has been outmaneuvered by some Quebec nationalists for his willingness to decentralize, but he has looked at issues as if he regards the 10 as a "phone opportunity" for busy analysis and political horse.

As Lévesque's historic mid-December encounter with the other first ministers in Ottawa approached, the atmosphere was clearly on his side. A spirit of renewal was the predominant note in Quebec (see following story). In Ottawa, there was a palpable sense that things have become unglued. Trudeau exhibited a new uncertainty about how to respond to events in his native province. In an unguarded moment at a news conference he permitted the 10 was in a return to "tribalism" — a blunder that many Quebecers found insulting. Trudeau and Lévesque are divided on some deep fundamental issues, among them:

- Trudeau's view of constitutional bilingualism and his promise that French-Canadian aspirations can be served from Ottawa. Lévesque has rejected this thesis, viewing Quebec as the homeland for French Canadians.

- Trudeau's argument that all of Canada must divide if Quebec should separate. Lévesque counters that "this issue will be decided" among the Quebec people.

- Lévesque also criticizes the weakness in much of English Canada about the "Quebec problem" by evoking the superficially appealing notion of a new partnership — "interdependence," he calls it — devoid of real structures.

After an initial flurry of comments on the 10 victory, federal ministers such as

Marc Lalonde and André Gauthier declined interviews. Through an aide, Jean Charest reported that it is now now late "to shut up" — you don't show rocks through a window of the bedroom on a wedding night. You wait until the honeymoon is over.

The honeymoon is likely to be a short one. Jacques Parizeau, the new Quebec lieutenant premier, says: "the wedding is on the wall." The 10 document, he adds, will be "made and long" — more because it was a handsome company and there is no reason to be vindictive. Though because we have a job to do, we must get on with it. Parizeau Minister Trudeau leaves no doubt of his determination either. It was always "my mission to stay and fight separation as long as I could." You will find me in there fighting."

ROBERT LUTWINS

## QUEBEC CITY

### After the bill in over

When the 23 members of Premier René Lévesque's new ministry made their entry to their first cabinet meeting in early December, several had to be pointed to the right door by secretaries and security men. Grouping, industry Minister Rodrigue Tremblay predicted the topic would be "finance, finance, finance" — and right and a half hour later, it turned out he was right. Later the premier announced that the first session of the National Assembly on December 14 will deal with a supplementary budget of \$500 million to come from new taxes over the next year and the meeting had struggled to take the final figure below the half-billion mark, down from the \$337.5

million of assistance. He renounced himself with a small group of senior cabinet members to form the Finance Committee. This committee — already known as the Group of Eight — is to establish the sense of direction for the new government.

Chaired by Lévesque, the committee consists of two key portfolio-holders: Jacques Parizeau and industry minister (Jean-Claude Morin), and five members of state, social development (Pierre Morin), economic development (Bernard Landry), cultural development (Dr. Claude Lévesque), planning (Jacques Lévesque), and perhaps energy (Robert Bourque). Lévesque established the five "ministries of state" to give him greater flexibility and room to maneuver. None of the five — who are all bright and energetic — will have specific administrative responsibilities, but they will be free to hold regular planning coordination and troubleshooting sessions for their portfolios. With the exception of Bourque, all are known as moderates on economic issues, and several are very close to Lévesque personally. The mainly new cabinet itself when he was minister of natural resources in the Lévesque cabinet, and Morin and Laframée are close personal friends.

However, despite the ministerial split behind the scenes, there are dangers in the system. On the one hand there is the risk of alienating the operating managers, or of creating the kind of assistance that Pierre Trudeau incurred with the inception of flow chart planning into the Prime Minister's Office and Privy Council Office. On the other hand, there is the risk that the ministers of state, operating without department or large budget, may disappear from public view. This was the fate of Ontario premier William Davis' policy secretary — "super-minister." According to them Lévesque did not "sugarcoat" his decisions, "it was a gutting, frustrating experience for a politician." You are without point based on the internal wiring, or the levers of power," he said. "You don't get control, the ministry is lost — it's a tragedy for the public interest." The benefits for Lévesque are obvious. Including the Premier's five of the eight ministers have worked in important positions as previous Quebec governments. Claude Morin, a deputy minister, dealt with government affairs, Jacques Parizeau was a senior economic adviser, Bernard Landry is the minister of natural resources, and Pierre Morin is the minister of education.

Although attention naturally focuses on the organizational team, several of the operating ministers may prove fascinating to watch. Guy Jaron, the new minister of energy, had just published a book before the election attacking growth, consumption and waste in society. Jaron, a former nuclear reactor operator, criticized the energy planning being done by Hydro-Quebec (for which he is now the minister responsible). Another surprise appointment was Jacques Côté as Minister of Labor. A work-primed man who spent

years fighting the Montreal monopoly in 1974, he was pledged to strict control to make the minimum wage to three dollars an hour.

Behind the socialist tones of early moderation, there is some sense on the party's left wing. Several 10 supporters in the labor movement were upset that Robert Bourque did not get the justice portfolio he had hoped for (it went to a Lévesque loyalist and reputed political conservative, Marc Andriessen), and that the left did not have more clout in the decision the party will be taking. Although Bourque is the "minister" responsible for labor, no energy will be directed toward parliamentary reform and regulation of party financing, areas that are not likely to conserve the powerful economic interests in the province.

But despite these concerns, there was an overall mood of satisfaction among 10 supporters. One labor activist, after listing some judges and lawmakers who had reportedly refused appointments as candidates because the no-renewal requirement was observed wrongly. "Well, at least the 10 formed the government before the real bourgeois got on the bandwagon."

GRAHAM FRANKS

## OTTAWA

### Taking off on Otto

The airplane has become the vehicle of modern political history. Lyndon Johnson took over the U.S. presidency on a flight from Dallas. Jimmy Carter took over the country's post for his most serious challenge, a trip with John Deane. The Ontario government's Premier William Davis was turned by a disaster that minutes were jammed ground on government planes. Now, after a flight to Montreal, Otto Lang has recognized heavy turbulence for his flight, and he put it in "a high flying guy."

The latest installment in Lang's air saga was his trip to Ottawa to meet with Guy Jaron, Premier's Office. Flight to see Scotland for a 21-year-old money who cared for the king's youngest children (Lang's wife, Adriane, is his agent, full-time press secretary). The affair was instantly dubbed "high flying."

Lang's orthodoxy were compromised because the money flap followed hard on disclosures tabled in the Commons that his use of government-owned executive jets since 1973 had cost taxpayers \$240,000. The flight cost the government a four Lockheed Jetstar, one Viscount and a Beechcraft King Air for use by ministers as government business. Lang was seen by his 13 jets (averaging 9,000 miles a year) in 1979. The flight was part of doing his job as a minister with na-

"This disclosure came to serious attention in questions posed by Conservative MP Tom Coughlin, who has made a career of exposing the cost of official parties."

would sometimes end in Trudeau's Prime Minister's house in his average 54-hour working week. Lang argues, he needs to save the time he would lose taking commutal flights.

The negative Canadian press reaction could not have come at a worse time for the 44-year-old Lang, a helicopter-accident survivor and former University of Saskatchewan dean of law, whom Trudeau once described as "perhaps the most intelligent and interesting member of cabinet, myself included." Lang has been trying, since last June, to recover from the disastrous backlash in Quebec to his settlement of the air traffic control dispute. That settlement still festers and, with his new troubles, some say Lang's bright star has been extinguished. "He could have been the next Prime Minister," says a Lang associate. "But now, his credibility is finished."

Ohio Lang, a fire-eater, stubborn politician whose habits stem from passion, nonetheless is going through "the worst" period of his public life. He is being attacked in caucus by his own colleagues and, most painful of all, he is not being defended publicly by anyone. "Then," says Adrian Lang, "what do you do—Lang, you?" Lang, however, plans to stick it out. "I need to believe in taking a sane attitude," he says. "In politics there is always a rebuilding process."

There is a fair bit, which is not always sharply etched, between trips for government business and for political power. Forays on Lang's flights, for example, were on his Saskatoon riding, and several flights were taken on weekends. One trip included a stopover in Regina for a party given by his brother-in-law, Tony McPherson, and the passengers included aides and members of the National Press Club Band (Many news organizations, Macdonald included, pay for their reporters' trips on government planes).

Aggravation Minister Eugene Whelan, reportedly the second most frequent user of government aircraft, was accompanied by his wife or members of his family on 32 of his trips on government business between January, 1973, and October, 1975. In August, 1975, according to an official return tabled in the Commons, Whelan took a Vancouver to Windsor, Ont., to open a fair and cost to the taxpayers of \$3,117. Whelan was the only passenger aboard the 24-seat plane and delivered his remarks by explaining he had to read and sign a certificate of destination, which would have been "impossible," according to *Aut Canada*.

Cabinet Minister was also quoted to use two private jet sets, staffed by stewardess and accompanied with three bedrocks, living and dining every and every television. Official Commons returns to Tom Costin's questions reveal the bill for cabinet minister use of the cars was almost \$35,000 between April, 1974, and March of this year. When it was cabinet minister, John Turner, for example, made three long-weekend trips by rail to Kansas



Adrian and Oila Lang (above), Andrew Lang with MacGillivray (below), a magnificent man in his flying machines.



in July and August. Turner has a summer place nearby at Lake of the Woods. Industry Minister Jean Charest has taken the government car home to handing in three weekends this year. Defense Minister Brien Dunlop took a two-week trip from Ottawa to Vancouver in the summer of 1975.

A third method of conveyance for MPs and their families is provided by the defense department's fleet of five Boeing 707 jets. They are mostly used to transport Armed Forces personnel between bases. But the Prime Minister customarily takes Boeing on his Ottawa travels and sees and their families regularly plus vacations around quiet official visits abroad. In August, for example, Boeings was assigned 19 trips, 20 wives, 43 dependents and 49 staffers. In September there were 30 MPs, 26 wives, 18 dependents and two staffers aboard the flights. In November the number of passengers was dropped to seven, wives to one and dependents to two.

The Lang money, Elizabeth MacGillivray, was not one of last month's passengers although she came to Canada first on a defense department jet. After a leak to *The Toronto Star* that she had been booked on a defense flight to Ottawa and the subsequent coverage, the Langs split the cost of the \$304 commercial ticket with MacGillivray. Back home in Dunkeld in northern Scotland, she said she "had a lovely time in Canada." But MacGillivray, who would be \$100 a month and seven and board, added, "Being a nanny is not my line. If I could do anything, I guess I'd head home." She was unaware of the nature of the uproar she had left in her jet with "Poor Mr. Lang," and MacGillivray, "I think they're really making a mountain out of a molehill!"

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# All the world's a kitchen

For the Canadian team, winning the World Culinary Olympics wasn't everything. Beating the French was

By Marci McDonald

The trip across down had not yet broken over Frankfurt's sky-scrapers, but backstage in the Canadian pre-tournament kitchen at the 10th World Culinary Olympics, tension was so thick you could cut it with a paring knife. Paris bubbled like Sauce Bechamel gone berserk. Toppers flared with the gusto of a flambe. Anxiety. If anybody doesn't get going, I blew, scowled Xavier Hatzian, executive chef at Vancouver's Bayshore Inn, who paced the lockdown in his temporary role as the Canadian team's show-kitchen co-ordinator. "Dan Feller, who ate in haute cuisine began to whisper to himself. It was 7:25 a.m., with starting time for the second heat of the cold buffet event across the street at the city's vast Messagerie. Exhibition Avenue only 50 metres away, but all the heavenly temptations of 100 cooking stations could not move the murmurs: poached or sides or bread (but hey, wait and jelly-eyed on the national way is fine of late).

Chief Ulrich Feller of the British Columbia Vocational School bent over a grill-

face and red-eyed. Feller had had such reason for this silence. It was to be a masterpiece among salmon, an entire prime rib fish with at least one leg up over its head in a shuddering inspired page spread, a salmon to eat as King sequel to his two fast bread-dough Elio and his Quasi Paul as Croux's sister with puff-pastry mother quail and halibut each finished separately sculpted and linked on for the previous day's competition. (He also this salmon's backbone had not borne out his aspirations for it and had scrapped only seconds before leaving him with a naked despoiled fish spine in one hand and a fast-cooking clock. The other platters had all been dispatched to the grand hall where the jury

Back row from the right: Vancouver apostles over his potatoes, judge Edna Pontis is enraptured by the Canadian offering; Feller applies the finishing touches to his temperamental poached salmon; a legend of dishes that really (seriously?) will never be uncooked, and finally Feller (left) and Schuck prepare for the great taste-off



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wanted, but even, after three nights without sleep. If there were perfect this one last try of he were to score for a gold medal, and time was running out.

Finally he looked in a white-clothed area and hand-carried it to the quarters—only across street and parking lot to the exhibition. Oblivious to the morning fog, concentrating, concentrating, all the while concentrating on special improvisations. The instant the try hit the white draped buffet table he was off and running. A bank settled over the Lamb Crown and Grand Phoenix. Celestine as he juggled fish bones and instant slices, whipped, zucchini tortilla crowned with red peppers and rolled into a deft pattern, then with one final flourish (raised it all in a puff of sparkling spray diamonds. He had just wiped his mirrored try in a precise gleam and hidden the window again only seconds before the judges descended, score sheets at the ready and knife-sharp eyes on the lookout for the slightest misalignment of an apparatus tip—did not look but, in this particular event, not so. Suddenly one of the judges could no longer restrain himself. He pulled out a pocket miniature camera and immortalized the moment—a savings that there would be a media waiting for Falter at the end of the week, although he would not know for certain until that final moment.

Falter was still flushed with the prospect of victory as he told a reporter in a post-buffet interview: "You have to have endurance. You have to think positive. I had never made an attempt in my life before, but you must say to yourself, 'I must be able to make an attempt.' Like an athlete, you have to train and practice. You're competing with the best in the world here and the prize is enormous. After all, you've been chosen to represent your country."

As take your Valery Borovoy and Bruce Jensen. Take your 1,500-metre finish your stopwatch and your high jumps. It may be surprising to watch any Natcha's common with this a Darden parallel-but handstand or Vash. Alamyas escape a 563-pound eleven-and-jerk, but for sheer spinning, long, heartrending drama and a basic tug deep in the stomach, nothing can compare with the World Culinary Olympians. While others in the center of the show, they are the fastest man in the world or Khiriso Plachkov the strongest, for their skills and breathtaking proudest nothing can match such rare-wire questions to whose closed-hand gaze is the closest, whose hold-down the best? Well, after all, cannot live by decision alone.

If the champions of the party have not enjoyed in much public celebration as their athletic counterparts, it has not been the fault of the World Culinary Olympiad. Founded the same year, 1980, in Athens and held each Olympic year since, for one week every four years, stars from around the world gather at the Monagelade in high where hats and aprons to cook their

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Clockwise from above: the Dutch brought in a model to serve the judges cheese and perhaps influence them in Holland's bake-off (junk-ett) with Canada, but it didn't work; Bessie's sample from one of his team's pastries; a plated and elaborately decorated turkey trying to look like something else; Kretz and Verduynen hold up a giant pike, shipped from Canada to become pike Mousseline



why to national glory, the tank and outfit replaced by five glass-enclosed kitchens, the roof of the groundless by the dangling clatter of knife and fork in the adjacent 500-seat, two-story restaurant. Here too, there was the same canoodling and rivalries, the usual exchange of national pins. The lines of proud judges and the speculation as to whether the Roum name will defect, seduced by the glories of Frank's night life and apple wine. Here too, we do experience the unforgettable moments: the Mark System of the wave, such as American captain's first medal. Most of the amazing cooking. Here, family, his brother Reinhold, captain of the German team and his father, an independent oil billionaire. And the lines of which culinary history are made—the working Japanese vegetable waterfall and the American tuna-boil-piano.

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ber's Coast d'Estrie might have knocked them dead in a glacial war with his prize-winning Salmon la Sagouine topped by tiny perfect Acadia women with mudroom boots and salmon-skin caps and paranoiac music-wizards Fred Subito of Toronto's Phase Hotel might have broken new ground with his platoon of smoked beef sausages and grizzly mousers, but it was all academic compared to the test of the bonfiremen. If Canada were truly home with a medal, it was here, over the hot stove, that the winning points would be scored—here under the spires of its four-star national tower that the country's culinary fate would be sealed.

Captain Tony Ruking, the Spanish-born victor of two cooking Olympiads and one of Toronto's most celebrated chefs, spent between look and cooking board and spent over his team's last shift and knew that their competitors had walked off with his mind gone. At home, where he commands the million-dollar kitchens of the post-war Windsor Castle, he scowled down at where his or hers a sauce from walk to walk now, his days crisscrossed with paper cookery and the administrative chores of an executive chef. But here, where no-tastefulness was allowed, the chef himself had to face chemistry, his own guts and walking his own pants.

Beside him, Marcel Kruza, covered master of Quebec's Hotel la Sagouine kitchen and a four-time member, was a bundle of nerves. For weeks he had been at the phone in Boulders, answering over German customs regulations which would not allow him to export his personal supply of crepes or oil dillpickles in which to wrap his innumerable bouillabaisse of lamb and crayfish. "It's my opinion," he told Ruking, "that I don't really know" to which Ruking had cheerily replied, "We have experience over you know." Kruza had, however, come with food therapy: sage and sweet basil from his own garden, his sweet bread of mustard and, like each of them, his kitchen unified with his private collec-

tion, although at this particular occasion what he most needed he could not find anywhere in the weeknight kitchen.

As the hostess, Brenda Côté's Hubert Schick, owner-land of the Hotel Vancouver's tender and now inspector of his own imperial line of the Sea on Vancouver Island, a fish specialist who had garnered a gold medal for his whole boiled halibut at the 1972 Olympiad, pondered over the snow peas and, down some to levels, dipped an index finger into the Sauce Vierge for a sensitive look. At the far corner the final team member, Robert Violette of Calgary's Palliser Hotel, at 280 pounds a walking testament to the joys of his profession, secured quietly sweet-tender, over the peddling of the ovens.

Each member of the national team had been elected by regional rallies, but there had been some dispute over Violette's election and now he kept to himself, although later on prize day he would be the only one of them to walk off with a prize gold medal. His judge, bourgeois firm having formed a picture frame of delicate pink and purple and some around an exquisitely defined landscape of Lake Louise painted on a cake top on vegetable coloring.

Down the hall, in competing galleries, the Dutch team was easily waiting at a distance, the Swiss gazing their chance with a fery, and the Yugoslav team to lay out their cards. But as the minutes slipped by the Canadians still had a trick up their sleeves. As the clock's final lap approached, Hubert Schick had out fresh white kane on the counter, whipped out bowls of wild rice and fresh fiddle heads in a soft string of sauce and art a mouth-watering in place. Chef Guy Legay of the French hotel and Paris' renowned Le Boyne Restaurant countered by to spy and was clearly distressed. To compete just not with the egg white but with the tablecloth. Most Deu-

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The Canadians were definitely a draw, he said. Then, suddenly, it seemed as if before them, the final wine. The judges had arrived.

Tony Rodden sprang into action with a duckling breast, duckling legs with Swiss Rueben and mango slices, popping a Gruyere Barquette and a cream puff into the judges' hands; money onto the glass, all in less than 15 seconds, and the esteemed Swiss judge hit it. He cheered again. His eyes brightened behind spectacles. He cheered again. He nodded approval. He cheered yet again and whistled around and shook Tony Rodden's hand. The other judges all did the same. "Bismouuuuu!" roared the

Holstein giant. "Hemmm, hemmm!" grunted the Jewish Elias, clapping and exclamation spelled over the Canadian team's collective faces. Clearly they had learned up on taste versus display, cut across, nutrition, and speed. Now all that remained was the approval of the folk-golden German public. A horde of hungry Frankfurter clutched at their tablecloths just beyond the glass, waiting to render the final judgment. But within one hour and 10 minutes, ahead even of the unbeatable Swiss team, the Canadian kitchen was sold out of its 200 compulsory ducklings and lamb. For an added sauce, Robert Verheyen mopped his brow and snuggled onto a victory beer.

With Herbert Schick, raising toast to their teammates. A beacon, maybe even a silver or gold medal lay just within their own curly grasp. But then, as other Canadian chefs crowded around with ovens from the cold buffet areas, their faces fell like day-old soufflés. The French—the formidable French—had outspiced them. They had laid out a spectacle of massive sugarwork, formal brogans under billows and a foot-fall all splintered statue of the Eiffel Tower from which the French Tascara was unfurled. But the performance that had the culinary elite all awitler, the piece de resistance, so to speak, was an exact replica of France's historical Chateau des Hopsins du Beausart, some of the apogee here, formerly were nations, complete with jural courtyard, mulchier de roof and fountain, all made over 2,500 men hours by chef Jean-Pierre Legrand of Paris' famed Casino Maitre Benoit Poulton, out of 2,500 moulin. Herb Ransacker, face had fallen where he saw it. "They, some could have dedication," Fred Zimmerman of the Calgary Inn shook his head in wonderment, snapping a noseover photo. "But who could eat a thing like that?"

On the morning of the 60th day of the 14th Culinary Olympics, Tony Rodden woke up with nightmares of garish Marcel Tibbault of Nova Scotia's Celtic Lodge broke down in a cross over carved vegetable. Illusions, in the Canadian practice kitchen, chefs had not slept for days, mouthed like Toronto's Fred Stahl. For starters over million-dollar garish letters sliced from inflatable slivers and painstakingly assembled in aspic. Propelled by the drive for existence and wake-up calls, Stahl's only act of the entire competition was the few seconds he had scored off during a chef's meeting. Now, with nerves worn in a flourish, an explosion had boiled over in the kitchen when he discovered that captain Tony Rodden had snatched his precious plums from the garbage a day after judging in order to salvage their rich potato-broiled centers for the Canada team's final compulsory competition. This particular rivalry had gone back years to a previous pot-war but in the world of the whole but it was not unusual. Tony Rodden's best friend, a former steamer under him in Toronto's Westbury Hotel, never again spoke after Rodden called him down in front of the entire kitchen staff for taking to smokes for money. Now, voices had been mixed, insults had been flung. Haven't seen, the entire team worked up deeply aggravated silence. In chef's cook of their undisciplined team of their own kitchens, forced here to salvage, gourmands laid again as chefs together for the national interest over everywhere Canada goose package sliced late by late out of traffic, intricate ones blooming out of tomatoes, only previous market baskets carved out of rose melon.

Across the wires, within the walls of the



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vast cold buffet areas. In the specter of their competition, tables sagging with trays of chocolate wafers, stand upping oval with new records set in poetry and good-luck. An American sugar statue of the Spirit of '76, twirling on a rotary motor. A gigantic 10-tiered wedding cake encircled with the portrait of every U.S. president, dripping (mashed) from a tiny swinging door. There was a six-foot Dutch windmill made, thought by shingle, from sugar. A Serbian feast featuring lobster, meat, chocolate, avocado on the half shell and long crab—every ingredient scoured out of marriage. And an eight-seater piano adorned with a bust of Mozart and eleven music boxes.

Piano Concerto Number One inscribed in lyrical chocolate. Easy-peasy, these were cakes, turned into nudes, bachelorettes turned into black-banned-bachelorettes (turkeys turned into violins and lobsters turned into little white-haired chef men. Nothing was an accident).

After a while, the mood bogged before the measures of Rheims. Meanwhile, and before of Royal Seal on Caviar, the merriment of cheap-fried meat and truckloads of traffic. The eyes glared over with signs. As crows poured into the Montpelier, the new pavilion soared and Conrad Fila's chocolate tins began to bubble on its last spike. Deal or No Deal started to roll and

double. Standing in front of a three-foot replica of Berlin's Sieg Heil Monument, an anti-treated dark chocolate, the nose (which) the somewhat white aroma of candy salutes mouse drifting by. All the wench yearned for was a simple great salad. And in the brain, the more nagging question took shape: what was all this for? Not in honor of this food would be eaten, but the loss of it compared to the garbage by Gwynne law (including 1,000 pounds of Christmas gourmet). "Traffic can five dollars an ounce and here people throw them around like bread crumbs," said one chef. "We've said enough again to wallpaper a whole hotel, but a world where people are starving, should we be allowed to do this? It's a question of morality." But the chef wouldn't allow his name to be used. This was a debate where emotions ran high.

"If all this food were given to charity, the really needy probably wouldn't get it anyway," said one. "And we have the opportunity to put ourselves against the best in the world with a fantastic amount of special skills which are not too often in demand. In the daily job we don't get this kind of workout."

"Even if you lose, you get to see what the top stars everywhere are doing," said Fred Schell, who had more medals than any of them at home in his business. "You get inspiration for your work. I saw something today with an apple that was brilliant absolutely brilliant."

And of course, like the orange juice and domestic wiring at the end of the 100-meter backyard race, there was also the prospect of payoffs—the prize-winning footnote to look on a menu the publicity even the upgrading of the whole profession. Paul Bocuse, the legendary lion of Lyon, had not hesitated to join the French team for the cooking Olympics, for in France, ever since Bocuse's was raised to the Legion d'Honneur, chefs have been lauded and decorated. "In Canada, we're still fighting not to be considered domestic help," said Tony Rodden. Still, surveying the mad explosion, survey of food, Rodden too had his doubts. "This is cooking in the old style," he said. "La grande cuisine stopped 100 years ago and has never existed. When was a turkey that doesn't look like a turkey? Who ate chard-fried sweet anytime—all that what? Some of these plates look too perfect to touch. No hotel or restaurant could stay in business if a chef spent six hours over a tray of hen d'oreilles for eight. One hundred years have now nobody will be cooking like this—it will all be supplementary and taste. But nowhere."

Rodden himself, a one-time teacher, scarcely touches saucers anymore—a recipe as a lesson of the courage that had sent his grande cuisine spinning dizzy into a delirium (the chef, his six only one word a day). On the first night in Frankfurt, he joined five other Toronto chefs for dinner on the

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Above, five members of the 26-chef Canadian team: Verchevsky, Schrock, manager Susan Moore, Bollen and Kretz. Right, the French *plaque de reconnaissance*, a four-foot tall replica of the 18th Tower trophy with Tricolour built entirely of (cheese or not) spaghetti.

town, and a reporter who had tagged along with them, hoping for gourmet guidance, had been somewhat surprised when the pliers arrived heaped with sausage and spaghetti. "We spend a lot of money on a meal. I'm very critical. It's no fun," Kretz explained.

In Frankfurt's Congress Hall, just across from the hot kitchens, expectations were building. Here, only four days rather than every national team had reached its winning its whites and waving its country's best and flag in the roar of the crowd and the strains of a child's band played in white high hats and aprons. It was a spectacle to remember. But now the chefs sat in their national team blazers on the same floor, waiting for the moment they had all slaved over hot ovens for. On the stage before a blinding array of silver trays, gold medals and the coveted gold chef's ovens Joseph Kötter, president of the World Congress of Chefs, announced the winners from the bottom up. A hush fell. Then he named the worst third-place team to the United States and France. The Americans were crestfallen as they marched to the podium. French leader Auguste Geyet summoned a staff member by. Then the next announcement rang out, in second place, Canada. The announcement that the Swiss had placed first was drowned out by wild Canadian screams and various flag-baring Marcel Kretz's wife cooed and shrieked popped. "To best out the French," Ulrich Fattor rolled his eyes.

The sweet taste of victory lay on all their



lips as the green-blended medals were slipped over their necks and Canada cheered up to 30 dB. But like better not please, which are subject to the vicissitudes of taste and temperance, the triumph was short lived. Two hours later, at the gastronomic feast they had cooked in celebration, the competing Canadian chefs crowded onto a hotel ballroom only to find they wouldn't get seats. They sat down to their own hastily-laid tables outside the hall, like hard help. The exhaustion, the hours of pressure and personal sacrifice flooded in on some of them. Joan Selva broke down and sobbed. Tony Bollen bellowed and threatened to go out the window. "It's the third year I've been here and the third time I no go to eat," he howled. But hours later, chugging over a lobster tail, he was already talking about the next cooking Olympics. There was this idea he had for a saddle of venison.



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# I'm OK and you're OK, but that's not good enough

Originally the purpose of psychotherapy was to make sick people well, but today its role is increasingly to make well people better

By Elaine Dewar



The hands glide. The walls, and floor of the narrow room, muffle the slack-silky sound of oil smoothed between warm palms. The fingers flex and bend, slippery soft, supple and strong, kneading the last few drops into the space between the blades. The candles on the old oak sideboard flicker, soaking the red rug of skin gone fawn in candle age. As the waves of Julia Jones's low swell through the hidden zones, speakers in the ceiling of contentment wells from the client's throat. The massage begins.

Her name is Anne. She lies on the bright foam-covered table, radii exposed, vulnerable pink baby-sued, toes curled in pleasure. The hands tap behind her neck, dig into the top of her spread elbows, trace their way through her short, brown-grey hair. The fingers push at the perma-

ment frown at her forehead, slide down her short broad nose, into the fleshy cheeks, past the small eye's-lens, around tightly closed blue eyes. Anne's pensive face screws up, lets go. The hands glide down the neck, last fingers easing over the thin flesh over on the yellow bones, pushing on to the soft, yielding breast. The touch is firm but gentle as the hands knead the abdomen, push through the soft, fatty tissue to the loose muscle beneath, the stomach sliding away under the pressure, moving back full and round as the hands pass on. Over the crest of the thigh, down over the heavy cap of the right leg, the hands pause to search out a knot in the calf, smooth the tender flesh behind the knee, slide on down over the top of the foot, dig into the ball, pull on each and every toe. Anne's chest stops

now, her breath, ragged, but regular, whistles through her nose as the hands curl, shape, push out the pain of the long day.

Anne has come to this place to grow and change. Not that life is so bad, she has endured security from a year abroad when she finished her degree in sociology at the age of 47. But while she is proud of her achievement, small doubts and tiny pains have begun to crowd in. The year in school ended in an inexplicable depression ("I couldn't seem to get out of my apartment"). She found herself unwilling to see old friends, unable to talk with her estranged husband. Social drinking was turning into something more ("I can't seem to get through the day without a drink. I think the bottle's got me"). So earlier this same day she be-



Abandon a little, founder James (above) and massagee Pat Kildie helping to bring body and soul into harmony (far left) from personal success to wood-healing, from pipe to analysis, a 'supermarket of the soul'

gan a process of personal transformation. Joyce Jones, a psychotherapist intrigued into the new mysteries of human pain, had agreed to take her on as an "analysis" experience at her growth centre. Abandon, just outside Toronto Jones had said to help Anne break through the tightening tightness of self-doubt in a "process" session that afternoon, but it had not been successful. Anne, her rocky frame hunched on a long-stemed quillows in the Abandon restaurant room, failed to come to grips. Balking the long chains of a painful childhood, she had tried to con-

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from the post, but Morrey had returned a black Irish Daddy could not be mourned. Azzaz is giving herself up to the message now, and that's a small step for ward on the voyage of self-discovery that will continue for the next three days. At Athens, all forms of humanism (including that nasty knot in the right shoulder) are strict to one.

Athens is something new, a super-market of the soul, a mind/body shop for the fine-tuning of the human spirit. In this growth centre you can face down the niggling demotivations that seem ex-actly to the age—the night creeping from that go hand in hand with having too much, the city gyms and knits in the belly that come from feeling lost in a crowded, pressured routine life. Athens is a place for physical and psychic healing, a place where you can get anything you want from group therapy to inner-prints from yoga to addictions from group therapy to study therapy. From behavior therapy to an astrology. Even the immediate pleasures of wood-chopping and housekeeping can be yours. The oak are not welcome here. Athens is for the making wounded. It is a product of something known as psychological crises as the human potential movement—a loosely diverse group of individuals dedicated to freedom from cultural resistance and the pursuit of the very best that can be separated out of each of our lives. Twenty-five years ago a place such as Athens would have been unthinkable, but in that short time the human potential movement has revolutionized the way we think about ourselves. It has moved the field of human resistance from the streets to the hidden world of the red-necked, out spirit, from the usual going to the self.

That there is room for new ideas is abundantly clear. In spite of (many say because of) cultural differences, we seem to seek deeper, more by itself, into an expansive world of suffering. According to the Canadian Mental Health Association, one in six children born this year will be hospitalized for the treatment of some serious emotional disorder sometime in their lives. The same organization estimates that 50% of all illness coming to the attention of family doctors is due to some form of emotional problem, and that about one third of the population of this country has suffered temporary instability from emotional difficulties. "Mental" illness now distresses more Canadians than all other diseases combined. From April, 1972 to March, 1973, the Ontario Health Insurance Plan (OHIP) paid out \$17,736,238.16 to psychiatric and \$8,187,777.07 to psychiatric for psychiatric services rendered, the bulk of that to out-patients seeking psychotherapy. By 1974-75, the figures had risen dramatically to \$23,670,342.34 and \$12,344,795.35 respectively. In a study sponsored by the Mental Health Association in 1974, Dr. Nor-



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ma W. Dill and Shatkooski University economist Thomas J. Berendse estimated that in 1971 the direct medical costs of our mental health system (including physician visits, hospitalizations, payments to psychiatrists, drugs and administration) amounted to between \$682,157,000 and \$844,650,000. Adding to such indirect costs is lost production brought the total up to much more than a billion dollars and the bill keeps mounting. We're spending more than a billion dollars a year on mental illness and no one even knows precisely what's wrong. According to the World Health Organization, the causes of many of the most common and

debilitating mental disorders—schizophrenia, manic and depressive psychoses—are as yet unknown.

The people sailing through hospital wards, outpatient clinics and psychiatric offices are just the tip of the iceberg. There is no way to count the numbers of people such as Anne who seek out the services of psychologists and social workers as passive practice at work, in the schools, or through the municipal family service organizations across the country. And it's impossible to find out how many dip into the demands of instant anonymity represented by weekend postal retreats, prayer groups, transactional analysis

workshops, or bioenergetic body workshops. As psychotherapist Joyce Jinn sees it, their problems add up to "a poverty of the soul." Their crises, their feelings of emptiness stem from a sense that there lives here "no meaning."

North America has gone through an enormous cultural shift since the Second World War. Where we once turned to religion and social philosophy, to the community and to God to fill up the holes in our souls, we now turn to therapists.

New ideas about how man can be set free from the punishing restrictions of culture poured together into the bubbling ferment that was the Sixties. It was Sigmund Freud, of course, who opened the floodgates. Before Freud became the dominant influence in American psychiatry in the Thirties, psychiatry had been so infant on a small adjunct of clinical medicine. In those simple times it had been easy to separate the mentally sick from the healthy; it was presumed the mentally ill had some basic constitutional flaw. Sick people acted crazy. They embarrassed in public. They had visions, heard voices. They were hysterical. They turned their backs to the wall. The best that could be done for them was to lock them up, away from prying eyes, and let them live out their days behind closed doors.

Freud changed those views irrevocably when he apparently demonstrated through case studies that there was a better way to look at mental illness than "constitutional flaw." His clinical work suggested to him that repressed and thwarted emotions could make people crazy. His increasingly tolerant consideration of skepticism in the early years that rigid repression of sexuality led to symptoms such as hysteria, acting out, fawning, narcissism. He also apparently demonstrated that if deeply hidden fears and undesirable fantasies were coaxed into the light of day, talked about and understood, the symptoms identified with crazy behavior could be controlled, muted out. Freud freed open Pandora's box and introduced emotions to medicine. But psychoanalysis showed how the intimate connection between the body and the mind, between our inner lives and the social order. Freud's belief that we could change our inner selves burst like a star in North American culture.

But Freud's analysis of the relationship between culture and personality was, at its roots, blink. He believed that all societies were necessarily repressive and that individual impulses had to be curtailed to make social life possible. The next task would be to hope for men to establish an uncomfortable dynamic between inner dreams and societal demands. However, some of his followers were not satisfied with that pessimistic view. Some, like Carl Jung and Alfred Adler, broke with Freud and forged new

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therapeutic direction. No one, however, deviated from Freud's axiom so far or so fast as the transplant with man of American psychotherapy Wilhelm Reich.

In the Thirties, Reich suggested that if culture's restrictive demands on individuals made them ill, the thing to do was break the ties that bound. Reich wanted to let the natural and—in his view—good impulses have their way. He believed that if human beings were allowed to express their sexuality freely, culture would change to reflect the healthy individuals within it. By the 1930s, Reich had translated theory into the practice of various "organic body" therapies. His revolutionary doctrine were not, however, welcome in the United States and he died in a federal penitentiary in 1951, a convicted quack. But among the liberalized spirits of the 1960s his strange theories persisted and flowered in new forms in body therapies such as bioenergetics.

After the Second World War the small science of psychology was also beginning to grow. Psychotherapy was no longer to be the exclusive preserve of psychiatrists and physicians. Trying desperately to establish itself, psychology in the Forties and Fifties became rigidly empirical, hunting down hypotheses that could be tested. The dominant flavor of psychology in this period was "behaviorist." Echoing the muddled beliefs of neo-associationism, which couldn't, after all, be quantified, the psychologists stuck firmly to the principle that all one could see, feel and modify about individuals was their behavior. In the Thirties and Forties, behaviorists had obtained interesting results conditioning the behavior of animals in the lab. In the Forties they began to apply the results to human beings. By the late Fifties, the principles of a behavior "therapy" were tried out in experiments on mental institutions and prisons. Good behavior was rewarded with privileges, bad behavior punished by the loss of privileges: it was duly recorded that the behavior of inmates changed with the changed conditions.

By the middle of the 1960s, the principles of behavior modification were being applied clinically to individuals and were becoming extremely popular. Behavior therapists were fast; they dealt only with symptoms, never with underlying causes, and they could be seen to work when the symptoms could be clearly defined. Throughout the late Fifties and into the Sixties the principles of behaviorism were also being applied outside clinical psychology in policy planning by governments and in large corporations. Behaviorism practically took over university psychology departments, schools of social work and departments of education, by presenting a neat, straightforward view of what made people tick. Social environment was the key to changing personality, not rigorous individual effort.

Another important set of ideas began to flood the world of psychotherapy in the early Fifties, but they had more to do with the intentions of the patient therapist relationship than with the questions of culture versus personality. The goal of Freudian psychoanalysis was to make the patient aware and, through awareness, responsible for his own actions. The problem was that the patient tended to treat the therapist as if he were a father who could tell him what to do and how to do it. A sense of personal responsibility could not be established in the client if he panicked in seeing the therapist as the source of authority. Freud called this problem transference (the analyst took the place of the patient's father) and the methods devised by psychoanalysts to deal with transference were wondrous to behold. Dr. Howard Eysenck, a Toronto medical psychotherapist, describes traditional psychoanalytic training this way: "We were told various things like, 'Oh, you're sitting opposite the patient in your office and he wants to cry and he doesn't have any Kleenex and you don't have any on your desk but you have some in your pocket, don't give it to him because you'll compromise the transference. I wish I could tell you I'm exaggerating, but I'm not.'"

In 1951 an American psychologist named Carl Rogers wrote a book called *Client-Centered Therapy* in which he introduced therapists by suggesting two reasonable alternatives. Psychiatrist Perry Lyndon described them for *Psychology Today* in June, 1974: "Rogers (said) that books, friends and many other interceptors of everyday life provide therapy for some people. He maintained that the therapist's occupation was just of normalizing. Many professionals took it for granted that psychotherapy had to be done in a consulting room by a trained professional to count as therapy at all." Rogers paraded company with psychoanalysis by stating that the therapist should influence his patients, that he should interpret the client's statements, and that all this could be done in accordance with what the client wanted to get out of his therapy. Rogers opened the door to the informally trained and therapist by emphasizing the importance of "empathy" and "acceptance" in the therapist's personality. Within 10 years, his ideas had become more than acceptable in the therapeutic community.

While Rogers democratized therapy, other new methods were tripping out that would put it within the financial reach of almost everyone. Group therapy developed out of a fusion of group-dynamics (a small branch of social psychology), psychoanalysis, and work that had been done in the Thirties with groups in psychiatric hospitals. In 1946, the National Training Laboratories at Boulder, Maine, were founded to do research how small groups could be used to solve large organizational problems in business and government. But one of the by-products of

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that work began to dwarf the original interest. The researchers' discomfort, almost by accident, that group techniques became more important if the group discussion was noted upon itself. The main function of the group was the meeting rather than the problem back at the office. The people at INTP, played around with different types of groups for five years until they hit on a method that worked and began training group leaders. The T-group was born.

In the early 1960s, the Esalen Institute which had contact with WFL and borrowed their group techniques for its own purposes was founded in California. At Esalen, group meetings were called encounter and were directed toward individual development rather than group action. Esalen's encounter groups caught the public's imagination. Group work joined the curriculum of psychotherapy.

But it remained for two men from quite different traditions to pull together the new ideas in psychotherapy, blow them with the older wisdom of the Orient, and complete the revolution. One was a temperate, clean-smoking, cranky ex-Freudian named Fritz Perls. A German Jew, Perls was born in Berlin in 1893. He completed a doctorate in medicine at Frederick Wilhelms University in 1921, trained as a psychiatrist, studied psychoanalysis, leading proponents of gestalt perceptual psychology and worked briefly with Wilhelm Reich. By the time he broke with Freud (after some years of spreading the psychoanalytic gospel to South Africa) he had worked out the basis of a whole new therapy based on a whole new psychology. For Perls, people could only be understood if they were seen as integrated organisms. Something in some Eastern religions about health from the Taoists had led him to the idea that health was a consequence of balance in the organism, a right relationship between the organism and the environment. He stripped away the analysis of past experience and substituted the "here and now" as the focus for therapy. The goal of Perls' therapy was to make each person alive, spontaneous, aware, responsive, and open to the needs of our bodies. His method was not rational (in the sense of talking about and understanding old emotions) and profoundly expressive. For Perls, good therapy was essential if the body and the body in speech out. The good therapist helped the patient listen to himself (close in to the "rude" of the organism), helped him find "full humanity" by expressing current feelings about past experience and above all provided a safe atmosphere in which to be experienced "as you really are." Perls believed that could be more satisfactory to the individual.

By the 1960s, Perls' gestalt therapy was growing progressively more popular in North America. Perls got out a traveling troupe in Cleveland, made it the focus of the gestalt group process at Esalen, and in 1969 before he died, opened an institute in Canada at Cowichan. In 1972, another



Perls: the case for the "here and now"

meeting institute had opened in Toronto, and so January the encounter experts to open a gestalt center in Ottawa.

Gestalt therapy grew in influence because it tied together so many other ideas. Freudians liked the goals of self-responsibility. Perls' reinstatement of Reich's ideas about the importance of using the body in therapy, of expressing feelings in therapy seemed right in the Sixties. Perls' ideas also incorporated some of the behavioral ideas of avoiding the problems of the past and dealing with difficulties in the present. But it was Perls' ideas about health that had the biggest impact. He believed healthy people were not fundamentally different from sick people just further along in the business of meeting their needs, of growing and developing in harmony with the environment. Sick people suffered because their growth was stunted. How blocked the process of moving toward health involved removing those blocks. Perls' therapy ultimately was more than a cure-all. It was a philosophy of life, with growth and change as fundamental ingredients.

It was Albertine Maslow, an American psychologist who taught at the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute in California and at Reinders University, who placed the circle, joining all these areas of ideas together. In the Theriac, as a student, Maslow had been initiated with psychology's single-minded devotion to the study of pathology. He embarked instead on something that integrated him with the study of health by human beings. Two of his teachers, who were also healthy, bright, strong, confident and good, provided the models. Maslow reasoned that if the could be properly established what it was that made us so much more fulfilled than the rest of us we could all become "normal" ourselves. Maslow's belief that human beings could be taught to reach full potential attracted psychology out of a value-free science and plunged it head-on into a study of the good, the true and the meaningful. Psychology had become back to its Greek roots, back to the Greek ideas about what the study of the soul was for.

By 1972, when Maslow was head of the

American Psychological Association, he was talking about success this way: "By now, we have learned very well that it is better to consider nervous as rather related to spiritual disorders to the loss of meaning—indeed even the future. There are all things away from full 'humaneness'." For Maslow, the answer was easy: "If health and illness are seen as obsolete, as also must the medical concepts of treatment and cure, and the theories of disease must be discarded and replaced." The role of Maslow's therapist became not to intervene in the discovery of the soul, as disease, spiritual self. Therapist and patient had become one. And perhaps could be a therapist.

Well, that's what we'd all been waiting for. Nobody was really sick, and while very few were really well, we had ourselves a prescription. Health and justification had come to mean the same thing. Wisdom had transmuted into needs. One therapist's ideas for meeting those were in good to the next guy's.

Good ideas became philosophies only in the right time and place. North America was a fabulously receptive atmosphere in the mid-Sixties. The students were revolting against discipline and tradition and the war and were raising the holy banner of "rebellion" in education. The hippies were tripping and screwing and running away from home. Women were laughing at blacks yelling for a fair place at the trough and taking the lessons to heart. Social roles were burnt smudges, social rules found in the garbage heap. A new generation born in affluence, raised in affluence, with nothing to fear but fear itself was hungry for another kind of riches—the riches of experience. Society was bent on trying to hold women, blacks and kids in their place but the people were good and by God, could be even better. The lessons of history meant nothing—we were newborn in a new world that no one but us could understand. Everything new and bright, every game plan for change was welcomed, except up downed.

The social revolution that was making in the streets fired up the people making the spiritual revolution in psychotherapy. Such people as Roger Perls and Maslow were taking each other in the hills outside in California, where groups were frantically searching for new ways to live outside the mainstream. People in psychology, sociology and social psychology were influenced by what was going on at places like the Esalen Institute in California. They met their consciousness, they took off their clothes together, exchanged together experienced together and went back to the university classroom with some uncommon ideas about expressing feelings. Esalen was a bit of a bittersweet thing, new ideas together and sending everyone home with their own bit of ideas to start a fresh new somewhere else. Fritz Perls introduced growth to Esalen. Altmann

der Lowen introduced bioenergetics (a Reichian touch therapy) to Esalen. Ida Rolf introduced her body-aligning massage to Esalen. Eastern diets were named in by Chia Fu Feng who started teaching Wei Chi Chuan at Esalen, and by Aida Watsu with her middle-class road to Zen.

The Esalen experience was open to anyone. And it was cheap, much cheaper and much more exciting than the older forms of personal change: psychoanalysis, in which one therapist and one client thrashed it out for two to six years at \$60 a session. At Esalen you picked away about \$300 for five days' worth of anything goes. Jorge Benzer, director of Toronto's Great Lakes Institute, went to Esalen in 1967 and discovered a whole new world. A beautiful young woman had been experimenting with marriage therapy (later to become known as Eshelton marriage) and kept telling the madman "I'll never forget it." We sat together men and women, without any clothes on in a hot, steamy tub of water. In the late Sixties to sit in a tub, men and women—well! Gradually everyone deflated away and I was left there alone on a soap for that beautiful creature. She asked me if I wanted a massage and I said, "Yes, but I don't know where the massage is," and she said, "Yes, the massage." She took my hand and led me to the massage table and I thought I had to do it. But she said, "That's thoughts about thought. But gradually all that mucho tension just drifted out." It was the most incredible experience. "It was the kind of high no drug could give you, to take off your clothes with a bunch of strangers in search out the parts of your life to which of marriage, to get close to a naked lady you'd never seen before who was not a hooker but there to serve your needs—to help you play with your self."

Thousands of people passed through Esalen, went home to other parts of the United States to Canada and Europe and started their own growth centers and a business peak in psychology departments, schools of social work, education departments. The goal was growth through experience, the way is through release of feelings. The market for the growth experience had already been tapped by the works of popularized therapy books such as William Glasser's *Reality Therapy* and Eric Berne's *Games People Play* which became best sellers in the mid-Sixties. But people wanted more than books, they wanted the real thing. So therapists, sometimes with just a few weeks training in the three new modalities, began hanging out their shaggy dogmas, gestaltism, bioenergetics, primal therapy, yoga therapy. Regie Henson thinks that it almost killed off the movement: "God people have got out down on masses as their gestalt trainer after they've been through two weekend sessions here. Most of those growth centers were primarily posted at weekend groups, there was no depthful approach going on."

By 1972 the human growth movement

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had reached a frozen peak. It had banished out quickly from the foundations laid by Park and Maslow into all kinds of exotic spiritual byways. *Psychology Today*, an American magazine getting rich off the instant Americans were showing in things psychological, tried to get it on it, but settled, exhausted, for a list of the new therapies they knew about. There were 40.

By 1973 the cult of Self had reached such dimensions that Tom Wolfe was moved to dub the Seventies "The Me Decade" in the pages of *New York magazine*. Christopher Lasch, writing in the *New York Review of Books* preferred another title—the Narcissistic Society. Whatever you call the phenomenon that is the human potential movement there is no question it is reaching into all our lives. Everyone wants to grow and change. Meaning your own needs is a motherhood issue. Everyone wants to be more involved and cooperative, while they grow more and respect for the individual. One can only hope we're healthy enough to take it. As Jerry Rousner put it: "America has to be a fun game."

The only question is whether the new therapies are really therapeutic.

Almonds spriggle softly into the cultivated canyons of the Modesto Valley, 34 miles northwest of the brick and asphalt sprawl around Fresno's Malibu airport. The valley unfolds in a yawn, an undulating rift of small rounded hills, hardwood forest, winding streams surrounded by the flat lush corn belt south of the city. Land values are up in the atmosphere, 160 acres of prime recreational land down the same winding gravel road leading to Abruzzo are now on the market for \$300,000.

You step down the steep wooded road from the parking lot, turn around a sharp bend and suddenly you're in the middle of earth, or maybe the Land of Oz. Off to the right is a large, renovated square tile barn, with new wood-and-glass double doors. Inside, three quarters of the barn's space has been left open for group encounters. The rest is divided into bedrooms (eight), bathrooms, therapy rooms, a massage room, a cedar-hued, 40-ft-long, a 25-foot lounge, a 40-foot indoor swimming pool and a Jacuzzi bath. Outside the barn sits an asphalt tennis court. And, oh, yes, one of Joyce Korte's weathered chert dogs, the \$20,000 Skyway custom grand-dad graces one corner of the barn's main room.

Beyond the barn is the farmhouse. It sits perched on a small height of land facing east on rolling hills that separate themselves between thick stands of pine to the north and the red and gold fash of hardwood forest to the south. The house is built around on the outside, more barn-boarded and knotty pine on the inside. Governed by three separate architects, it remains the house that Joyce Jones built. The round window in the lower (with the fireplace)



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discipline for show and the Ashley statue (a feast) was her idea. The elegant Fennell double doors to the dining room (made from old everyday doors and turned up with new brass fittings) were her idea. The cinderblock quilt, an warm so soft that it covers every one of the 22 beds on the property, were her idea. In fact Abrams said (once mustn't forget the small outdoor swimming pool and the arts and crafts shop behind the house) was her idea. A \$300,000 monument to her abhorrence of trade, annual treatment centers, a \$306,000 set for health care, and the most beautiful house in the world.

serped of a high school basketball coach since 1960. Her sport bloodline has almost money, but it's expensively cut. Her hair is a lumpy brown, but they think curly and bold and real you. Her mouth aches, but she says she is simply dedicated to what Chris Bondy has done. She says she is a coach, not a mother, right up to catch the words "Bondy's mother" and being comfortable with other people's bodies in part of the experience, but she worries about what her mother would say if she could see her praying naked to the gods, shared by men and women in the same way as she is. She says she is a coach, but she is an American, and when she describes what she does, she tells the flames of a story. "I was watching an event being performed on TV, the other night and I suddenly felt very uncomfortable." And then, "But if I just say it, it's not for me, but for me, it's not uncomfortable."

Although now married two years ago by Joyce, her husband Arthur Jones, a physician, John Borden, an advocate for 20 years, and his wife, Elfron, a masseuse. Gradually the property was used for recreation by the Jones family but gradually both Joyce and Arthur began bringing clients upon weekends. They found the atmosphere beneficial. Small wonder when you compare it to the medieval Bower at the psychiatric wing at Toronto General Hospital where Arthur practiced for several years, or in the outpatient clinic at Toronto's Queen Street Mental Health Unit where Joyce Jones worked from 1959 until March.

blue structure as informal atmosphere.

musical on Grey's. Ever since she started working at QVC, Susan's had a bad memory of the show. "The very first thing I noticed was it was actually some of the patients we worked up in my liver-bad period. Some of them had been on that kind of regimen for 20 years." And then there was the shock of seeing people undergo electroconvulsions (ECT). "I went through periods when I just wanted to see the machines—the wingnuts hand-ricking her back 'Tid Fahrenheit about how I could get an, how it could be done, taking an ox to the house. It never did any good. I saw the people who did the treatment like you might see the Gestapo."

Of course, counting the right to sue as a mere cost measure is not so simple. That measure is never-ending source of concern to an Altonian. The clients have two sons, says Abraham, his two kids John Boyd and Robert James are interested by the founder of the company. The boys are now 21 and 22, managed to arrange a \$21-million loan for himself, and by Werner Erhard's delusion was with 1987 "Werner Erhard is cashing in on the thriving the products of an over-extended society," says Boyd, his bright like says fashioning. But Joyce, though tempted by the prospects of going to the father of his son, says he is a father of a son, of my dream for a million bucks for this place," the upshot almost automatically afraid to take for power "someone," the wife says, "I think someone would be lost. I'd like some of what makes me better." Joyce makes about \$100,000 a year and says of this goes back

"The people who come here," James Boyd says, "are in a first-class anxiety. One of the paradoxical reasons they find that way is that they're not enough stressed. They aren't stressed enough to get the things you'd imagine million dollars and you'd just have arrived at. It's pretty scary thing."

There's a first-class anxiety among the people who work at Aliveness, however, which has nothing to do with money. It has to do with whether or not the individual, something, atmosphere and therapy (all the hugging, the touching, the massaging and lifting) is actually what the client needs. John Boyd is worried that too much time and energy goes into clients' feelings

they're preoccupied of their struggles. Joyce and Alice both think there was a Tension in it to explore new ways of helping people help themselves. But both worry that their strains are there as having all the answers. That's why Joyce is so excited about working with Anne, who has been a dental for years. "The experience with Anne is sort of great, because she knows [that I don't] have to know. She doesn't cut me up as a person like you. I don't have to perform. And I can also be there for her so that any skill or knowledge I've got I can share, without emphasizing that A-over-B rationale, which is usually the way you have to define a therapeutic case, but which also

can't be therapeutic. If we're going to help

...trick-when, we have to do what kind fellow  
travelers in the world."

It begins with a simple thing. The place men of the tape recorder by her head (it gets off focus of being unobtrusive). Being draped. Joyce's presence, her voice soft as silk. "Can you go with their fear?"

"Oh boys," says Anne, "it goes all the way back to grade one. I knew I couldn't do it. Every year in school—layers and layers and layers of hating to do it. Oh, this is the first time in my life I got through the whole thing well. I passed." Her voice is sliding up on a register. She is beginning to sound as if she's six years old. She sobb, chokes. "Pain. Pain. It doesn't mean it. It doesn't matter. It's okay. It's okay. It's okay. You don't have to be good at it." Her voice borders into wrenching sobb. "You don't have to do it."

Joyce has a direction now, the hands she's been looking for. Her body moves up and cratches lower over Anne's head, and the soft little voice is suddenly hard, icy. "No, you've got to get another degree. You're not," Joyce slams, "okay."

Anne cries and sobs.

Joyce bites down again. "You can do it, you can do it, you can do it."

Reyes but his physician, Anne begins to roll across the mattress, her body rising and falling, hands clenching with great "You don't understand," she screams, her voice high and quavering like a six-year-old who's been shunned across the dance by a favorite aunt. "You don't know what it's like inside. Oh Jesus, letting them all down, all these people!" She's shouting now, full force. "No! I'm not even Christ the poor!"

Joyce lifts up a bit. She's found the math  
 erlide and she can afford to bide her time  
 "What's being meant?"

"Getting good marks," Anne sniffs "being able to do the work. There were so many kids so many houses some my teachers." Hystonia is edging in "I never learned to read! I can't read! I can't breathe, I can't breathe!" Joyner reaches down and smooths her forehead: Anne sighs "My mother didn't take care of me. She should have been there to find out what was wrong, to help me."

James says that up like a dog on a boat  
Now's the chance to finish old business  
"Tell her that."

Anne screams out her six-year-old's fear at a memory who is 5,000 miles and 40 years away. "You should've taken care of me! You should've known what was going on! You let me get to the worst moment. I felt so awful.... leaving me in that bloody school with those bloody nuns. I cried."

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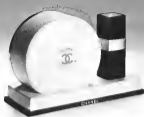
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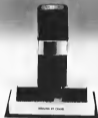
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the screen quickly punched deep inside her own private anguish, but the men still the huge boom rising higher and higher.

Suddenly, its over. On the screen Lynn rocks once more, coughs, sniffs, moans gasp before a Kiersey and looks herself into a final ball. Her back is to the camera and her big deep into her face. The tape is finished. Joyce turns to Anne. "Where are you at, Anne?"

No answer.

Joyce is nervous now. She knows that's gone too far. "I think," she mumbles. "The only significant part is what she was able to do the next day. How do you feel? Do you want to talk about it?"

Anne is furious. The anger is pouring off her. Her hands, clenched tight, are fists in her side. "I feel numb," she says. "I feel numb."

Joyce is backing away now. Anne's anger is pushing her slowly toward the door.

"I'm really angry at you, Joyce."

"Well," Joyce quivers, backing from the room. "I'll wait till you're in a better mood. We'll talk later."

She turns back to the house. Anne keeps talking, fighting to calm down, to get a grip. "I don't very exposed. I'll tell you that, it's a real kick in the solar plexus, so hard I'm just feeling numb. I'm going to give Joyce this. The embarrassment. She didn't prepare me for it."

About 15 minutes later Joyce edges back into the house. Trying valiantly to pull some small, unimportant details together, she explains that it's better to express, to own up to the embarrassment than to cover it up. Anne suggests unconsciously that what Joyce should have done was to video Anne, watching Lynn watching her. "That's what I was going to do," says Joyce, "but it would have been too complicated." Anne gets up and strides back to the house. "It's handling anger that's hard," Joyce confesses. "That's the rule, when you back to have your own thump at around."

The goals of all the new tapes are ultimately the same. Growth, change, reaching full humanity, whatever that is, learning to experience new so new without bringing in ghost images from the past or subtracting for some far-off future. But the methods vary as widely as the practitioners. There used to be a better definition to each of the new therapies, but after 15 years of furious experimentation and very few attempts to analyze results the boundaries have become, to say the least, blurred. Joyce Jones, for example, used to call herself a primal therapist. Now that she actually studied with Arthur Janov—it was too expensive and too time-consuming, so she went through a variation of primal therapy in Toronto and in a few short months felt comfortable enough with the technique to begin using them on others. She's picking up a few techniques that it's possible for almost anyone to call themselves a therapist, the world of the new



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therapies has few alternatives. It's even easier to get there. Unless a therapist advertises he has a cure for cancer that involves the laying-on of hands or styles himself as an astrologer or a psychologist without having passed the necessary exams, nobody is going to take his label from him. In that context the question of who is a good healer becomes more meaningful than which of the plethora of therapies is best.

It is precisely the vagueness of the goals of the new therapies, their expressive, irrational and to a large degree anti-rational tendencies that leave the business potential movement mired in the cult of personality. No respectable studies have been done on therapy centers—we don't know if group therapy, gestalt therapy can be dangerous given certain conditions. Some studies suggest that a therapy will be efficacious or not depending on the personality of the therapist, but on the other hand some studies suggest that the less formal training a therapist has, the more likely he will be to get good results. As Dr. Peter Bowley, head of psychiatric research at Toronto General Hospital explains, "There's not yet a body of standardized facts we can use to say which persons will do well with which therapy." That goes a long way toward explaining the vespertine comments among therapists on the quality of the other guy's work. No one would speak for the second, of course, but everyone had something bad to say about somebody. "I can't talk about that estimate without being labeled." "He thinks he's developed some kind of magic." "I wouldn't go onto Altman because I don't think they've studied with the masses." "He's got no feelings and he's got out for the money and you should see the way he treats his own kids." "And on, and on.

What goes on in the new therapies is a scintillating conversation: a commitment to a set of beliefs about what the good life is and how to get it. We've known for a long time that faith conquers all. We may have forgotten it temporarily, but the new therapies are pushing us forward to a new religiosity, one that is in keeping with the romantic, neurotic-beautiful spirit of our times. That is why Anne Wend back to Joyce even after her brutal experience with the video session. That is why, contrary to what any researcher would have expected, she's now able to do what she wanted to: see her family, her friends.

The phone rings. "Hi, it's Joyce. You'll never guess what happened."

"What?" "A new friend came up and we got talking and all of a sudden there he was—glad to see all those feelings. He's got problems with his kid, and we were talking and it just started happening. He's coming up for an estimate in a few weeks."

One thing's certain. The new therapies work for the new therapists. ☐

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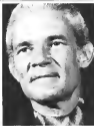
# The World

## Foul wind for Jamaica

Cracker's got a problem, a heavy one for him. The late-afternoon heat is becoming insupportable and for two days his CR200 motorcycle, Cracker's only escape from the fabled slums of West Kingston's Trench Town into the cool Jamaican hills, has been broken. Thus, and the ramp-wrecked Wooden Wheel he's been driving on and the heftiness of Red Stripe beer he's demolished and the stomach ache that does not the pressure that everyone knows about are all peaking down hard now. And that crazy spill-out bike won't start. But somehow, Cracker's frayed, smoke-drenched head just won't let him believe that anything's wrong with the starter "It'd do again," he says, for maybe the fifth time and snatches an empty Red Stripe into a crusty old douse. Still, he's going to do a number for the only white face around: a little self-shot, a pose like a Victorian sea captain scanning the horizon and a business receipt of his 30-inch Sheffield steel machine.

The mood cracks like a lightning flash. Here in this secluded, barren, 12-foot-by-12-foot Trench Town yard, one of the looting brethren decides to break the rules. He goes inside, personally smoking, and to Trench Town nothing is cooler. "Why him [Cracker] out to looney?" he shouts. "Him's looney and looney?" Cracker's machete flashes again and this time he means it. But somebody called Ajax, a really jacked-up Rude Boy with locks that must weigh 30 pounds, is faster. His head is still together and his short knife slashes down Cracker's left arm, carving a neat white line that slowly gushes a bloody red. Luckily, in Cracker's dream the sight of his own blood means his attention long enough for an old man from the next yard to cool things down, pass around some more gages—possibly the finest marijuana grows anywhere in the world—and bring the brethren back to harmony. But the time for a white face to disappear has definitely arrived.

A broken bike, a pile action with the blades, knives, finally, sudden anger, adolescence and bitterness are neither new nor unusual in Jamaica. But they come as swift, startling and constant reminders that the little island is starting a race, a scramble of Jamaica's Rastafarian religious sect like to put it, along a path. It's a way that matches uncertainly somewhere between Babylon and Zion. The clinical, clipped phrases of the politicians and businessmen make it sound simple, deceptively simple. The reality they say, is really an all-out campaign to occupy a nation left bankrupt by its British colonial masters in the process,



## By Kevin Doyle

they problem, they will conquer, by the creation of jobs and wealth: the endemic poverty and violence in the parts of paradise never seen by the tourists—the area who used to flock in from Quebec City and Toronto and New York but now cancel out by the thousands at news of a single murder.

Says Wilfred (Bill) Hooper, Canada's perennial High Commissioner to Kingston: "With respect to tourism, Jamaica's biggest problem is the foreign press. About that there can be no doubt whatever." Hooper, who sometimes expresses respect among the top-level civil servants in Kingston, is not criticizing the foreign press. Says a spokesman for the Canadian

**Manley (left) is besieged by problems, including soaring unemployment, warlike violence, and the Rastafarianism—the one fellow rolling his joints (below).**

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Department of External Affairs. "As long as you take political prisoners, Jamaica is at least as safe for a tourist as any other Caribbean island." It's just that every time some alarm-bell boy goes frantic from the wild tales on Red Stripe and goes and gets so wind up he wanders everyone in the next yard or two wondering what's possible to his children, it goes outside the Associated Press or Reuters news wires and ends up the next day in *The Montreal Star* or *The Globe and Mail*. Then the tourists flood their consultations into the crowded luxury hotels already operating at only 30% capacity. Ringier rock band Lead Lady has even written a song about it.

*You know our music is among de best, but there's another "bass" due in de foreign press (like if a man steel a mango). De bawse blow up a woman's shirt. Set you life we make him headline in de foreign press.*

The song is only partly right. It's true that the beauty of Jamaica—the goodness of many of its poor blacks, its brown middle class, its Lebanese and Chinese members and its interesting whites, often are overlooked in international reporting, so are stylistic safe and unexpansive tourist attractions. But there's another side to

*"Moving personally is really painful times."*



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Montreal, Canada

Jamaica, one that doesn't touch the tourist's black, poor, violent, raw, raring mass that's at least as tough as its ranking as the thugs who spread havoc through Belm and Alton. The defense is that the hatred coming through the shores of Kingston and the country shantytowns is still without a real focus, without charismatic leaders and without a single, agreed target to attack and rip apart.

There is no civil war in Jamaica. Not yet. But the basic ingredients are there: an increasingly bitter political polarization with virtually everyone, from the dwellers in hilltop mansions to the dwellers in the dirtiest shantytown yard, lining up with either Prime Minister Michael Manley's governing People's National Party or Edward Seaga's Jamaica Labor Party. Coupled with that are the swarms of idle thugs with nothing better to do than kick each other or someone higher up the social scale for a few dollars from a policeman with a grudge. The polarization is almost complete. Says a middle-class shopowner: "I rarely go out in parties anymore. If I go to a new house for a drink, it means that going to see our customers." Then, only half mockingly: "I'm not really political myself, but if I had a daughter I wouldn't want her to marry a JLP man."

The smaller, many-sided political tensions do a point at which pent and turned loose to start an outright coup. It even follows the line may provide a clear sign of what the future of Jamaica is peopled by kids who have run away from the lot or to free-state farms and

run-riders the government is trying to keep them on. They're not sure what they want or where they're going, certain only that they own guns, better to guard than Rick Marley or Jimmy Cliff if they can just get their way into a deal with some recording studio. But what they find, when they stumble into the industrial vapors of Kingston, is the absolute, equalizer of shoddy, poverty-dirt-poor surroundings in ten-pipe shacks and aluminum-sided yards washed up and rotting. There isn't any work (official figures say the unemployment rate is about 35%). Privately, government officials tell you it's closer to 50% unless you want to beg, ditch or collect garbage. "Twenty, now," says Crocker's friend Samuel. "What you do, man? You write? Okay. I



Seaga, better known to the left as Chacha, and (below) a detention camp for 250 Jamaicans held under Prime Minister Manley's state of emergency.



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and [J] Rastafarianism for you and I, we put together and wrote, wrote down good songs and some good stories." So they can't get jobs but maybe they can find some unemployment money and leave her headless or make a little money at the restaurant and use it to buy a knife or, if the way is big enough, a gun. There are guns everywhere in the Jamaica slums and the legend (it's not an island noted for facts) is that North American gangs buyers, who once tried to pay in counterfeit dollars, now have been forced by the local suppliers to put up cash instead. There have also been reports of Jamaicans in Canada smuggling guns onto the island.

Also of the same Jamaica's slum dwellers just floods the guns and keep them hidden, practice with the knives and keep on smoking. But sometimes the "practice"—that machine-like something that everyone in the shantytowns talks about—gets too great and a half dead springer slips into another shed another yard in the dead of night and starts making up the first young lady or gentleman he bumps into. One report has it that a man asked too attention actually got himself so freaked-out under the pressure that he jumped into the lion's pit. He was pulled out with only cuts and bruises but next day he was right back in there and that time the lion was more efficient. For the younger ones, escape often takes the form of climbing on top of a fast-moving train and waving with a few of the brethren front to approach a railway guard. The last one to duck in either time found an here for a day. But they understand these things down in Trench Town and Trench Gardens and even Town, most sympathetic. There's no day time about de pressure.

The legends with the guns are the Too Bad Boys, the Deadheads, the ones whose very mission calls the soul and who cut each other down with sickness regularly. And it's an open secret in Jamaica that since independence in 1962, the low-life members of the two major political parties have taken to supplying the Too Bad Boys with even more guns as an effective and easily available way of getting rid of unwanted rivals. But most of the time, the parts gangs have tried to do but cause the slum slums. When they decide to do it once surely the outcome can be hideous. One hot night last May, a gang of hoodlums decided to avenge the stabbing of one of its members. They simply put a match to a rundown tenement and blasted away with shotguns as any firemen who felt like should do his duty. All that was left were the blackened corpses of eight children and three adults.

The word is out in West Kingston that Skully was the gang leader on that particular night. He's uncomfortable about it, as is her cool. "I rose de last days, even," he says, his eyes flashing a slowly moving exercise. "De cavers of Babylon day 'bout to overflow anyway, so why you want start asking' all dem things?" A sudden heavy rain pours into the dirt of his yard, the



Rasta man: good music and dope, bad rap

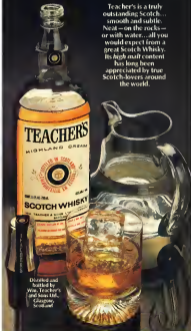
gangs smoke thickens, an aging goat starts nibbling at the corner of a makeshift bed and Skully delivers his final thought before dropping into voice silence. "Sometimes me risk 'an Michael... I'm maybe Michael... I'll even before Babylon stone done, but he finished."

Prime Minister Michael Norman Manley is 57 years old, a wartime veteran of the Royal Canadian Air Force and a graduate of the London School of Economics in a time when the newspaper demonstrated socialist Harold Laski held sway there. He is also a highly acclaimed Third World and Commonwealth leader and among the most eloquent vocalist advocates of a new world economic order. Striding before a giant Statue of Commerce sculpture in Ottawa last fall, during a formal visit, Manley declared: "In the last four years [since he was elected] we have made, in all modesty, herculean efforts to improve the world economic order. But it is like going from the basement onto the ground floor by the down escalator."

A slim, handsome man with silvering hair who is given to wearing the kumbe, a Caribbean-style leotard suit, with a paucity of words, Manley has more reason than most to worry about the world economic order. By any standard, his own country's social and economic problems are staggering. Unemployment, at mid-year, was running close to 30% (official claim it has since been reduced to about 17%), unemployment was climbing steadily and the tourism had dropped out of the markets for those exports in which Jamaica depends for its foreign earnings. The world demand for a sugar plummeted, while the price of energy in-

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ports served Canadian and U.S. firms that mine. Jamaican business for refining into aluminum have cut back sharply in their operations, which account for more than 10% of the country's export earnings, because of slumping demand and the tripling of royalties by Manley's government. But publicity abroad and a general awareness of international travel have also dealt a shattering blow to the tourism industry. Reliable figures are almost impossible to come by, but so serious has the tourism business that the government was forced to take an interest in roughly 40% of the island's 12,000 hotel rooms just to keep the major hotels from going under. At least

\$200 million has been straggled out of the country (legally this year and the affluent upper classes have been emigrating by the thousands).

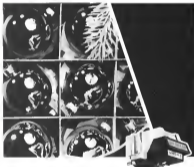
In a moderately successful attempt to control the worst of the economic bombing else, Manley invoked draconian emergency legislation earlier this year, which, among other things, enables closed courts to issue out life sentences to anyone found carrying a gun or ammunition. It also provides prison sentences for anyone who publicly says anything that the government and the courts consider threatening to the security of the state. Manley told the island's two million people, "We have

viewed a type and scale of violence unique in our history, terrorist activities previously unknown to us, which have caused fear and concern to every decent Jamaican citizen." For all of its clear infringement of civil rights, the new legislation has nevertheless brought a measure of calm. Not all Jamaicans seem convinced. Can it downsize Kingston still sport bright bumper stickers bearing the message: **WOULD THE LAST PERSON TO LEAVE THE ISLAND PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS.** And confidential security documents show that nearly 300 people have been killed in incidents of political violence so far this year.

Manley himself seems convinced that if he can keep the island safe (known to Manley supporters as *tiagua*) as he can create a genuine socialist economy by buying up idle land and breaking up huge old estates, turning them into worker cooperatives and producing a wide range of agricultural goods, with accompanying processing facilities for export. Whether this can be done democratically is the question now dominating conversations at fashionable Kingston cocktail parties and such coast resort conventions.

Says Manley, "I am in my backbone a democrat." But Serge particularly charges that Manley is rapidly becoming a tool of Fidel Castro's Cuba and has led miserably to the formation of a one-party Communist state. U.S. diplomats, too, have expressed alarm that Cuban and officials have been invited into the country to build a school and a factory. And, after co-opting the official Agency for Public Information and allowing privately to close off senior civil servants during a period of nearly two weeks, it became clear that Cubans in small numbers are indeed being used in no voluntary capacity at senior government levels. The advice being given by the Cubans deals mainly with the technical means of improving such things as agricultural output and ways of financing the economy of wealthy middle-class individuals and health facilities. There was little or no indication that political ideology bore any significant role.

Documenting Manley's transactions that the U.S. Coast Intelligence Agency uncovered is turning a political scandal into a scandal to repeat has proved far more difficult. What emerged was that he can do maintain a visible chief and two subordinates in what is known as an "acknowledged presence" in Jamaica. It was also clear that at least two of the agents or more than one occasion approached foreign businessmen and a journalist for background information on Cuban construction workers in Jamaica and for details of the radio operations and inside layers of some Communist embassies and consulates in Kingston. In cases where those approached cooperated, there was no evidence that the information provided was anything that could not have been gleaned from official handbooks or from simply



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wood-induced delirium. They say a hefty handful of gunga is the key to staying sane. "What Rasta want man," says Michael, a musician, "is for him to go home, home to Africa, to Ethiopia. Rasta-man, him want go back to Zion, where him come from before Babylon, de wicked Babylon. It go down, down, down, man." It fits in a handful of the brethren did make their way a few years ago to Ethiopia and a patch of land Salomon said he would give them. But land it's a very sensitive subject in Trench Town; they haven't been heard from since. They may just be musing with Jib.

If Raper is pounding his stuff in the dirt, ferocious at a move while's failure to grasp

his simple message: "Yes man, Rasta, him de true Jew of de prophesy. But de white man, de Babylon out d're, him try to de-spoil Rasta. De white man, him tink him de true Jew. Rasta-man, him want him birth for free. But de hegg man, him say na Okay if de hegg man, him have him herb but not de kiffin man. D'ren bloodless [a Rasta obscenity related to masturbation] big man, d'ren an around out d'ren and d'ren laugh and d'ren say we make a law and we put de little man. Happen all de time man, all de time." Half an hour later a musical police squad burst into Pappo's yard, seized the herb, began one of the brethren smoking, then gives back the dil-

gal gunga and leaves without saying a word. The police and the security forces are suspicious of the Rastas, with their beards and their ancient hair styled in wild stick-out plants called dreadlocks. Obviously the police say they have nothing against the movement, but privately they tell you that there are a lot of "misde Rastas," guys who jump up to look like the real thing, sell 4-and-a-half-pence and love, but are really often hard-bitten using a handy drop-out. Among a lot of the more affluent Americans there's the same kind of suspicion and they all want to explain about 1967. At that time the Rastas, loved by the civil rights movement in the United States, had be-

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Smiley, the answer lies in the hand held.

some woodfires and more had more risk. A few red and blacks from the United States had penetrated the borders and were trying them to see, strike out, do something. But it wasn't in their nature.

And up in those basement rooms above Kingston, there were rumors in the line that the Rastas down on shantytown had started sacrificing sicked babies. Nobody from the movement had ever been in shantytown, of course. But they believed the rumors and passed them on in groceries, armchair detail. And then, God knows what got into them, but a bunch of Rastas rode up to Corn Gardens on the north shore, about 16 miles from Montego Bay, and they were berserk. They smashed a gas main, burned it down and leech-



and the owner. After that, some kind of spontaneous riot broke out and they went crazy, tearing through the countryside with their muskets, burning into a local crowd standing out of the occupants and trying to attack an overseer's house. When the police came then they fought back. The local landowners left over each other in the rush to join the fray. This was it. This could mean the last they'd had all along: those dirty, sly blacks were rising up. It was real, bones-to-god revolution but it was completely out of character. When it was all over there were three dead Rastas and two dead policemen. "No you see," said a jury

young up with a swagger stick, "is beating now and then just help keep them in line." The middle classes are still scared of the Rasta but now they have other reasons, apart from their wrongheaded opinion about violence. The Rasta philosophy is taking hold among a lot of the children of the middle classes. And central to the movement is a profound distrust for prolonged hard work of any kind, especially work on the land, with its legions of careens of slavery and white boats. And why should any Rasta care do anything to help a society that thinks he's just some kind of filthy dirty band with a kind speech tempo? For the affluent, far too many

people for comfort are starting to think they're right.

In his famous office high above Kingston Harbor, Arthur Brown, governor of the Bank of Jamaica, is discussing the dismal subject of his country's current economic stagnation.

"We have to find some way of motivating our people so that they want to work and so that the vast majority want to go back and work on the land. That's the only way we can build a viable economy and strengthen our exports. But even that isn't a complete answer. We have some of the richest land in the world but still we import nearly all our food. Our eating habits were



Michael preparing for a return to Zanz

formed by the British [Jamaica was a British colony for 300 years before independence] and as a result we use huge amounts of flour, rice, corn and soiled fish, none of which are produced here."

Brown, top state-owned farms are not the answer. They're too small. But the workers had little interest and the few who did usually found that when their crops were ripe a few bad boys would climb up from Kingston and steal them. The latest effort is to set up cooperative farms with five-acre lots being leased to the farmers who in turn, can keep whatever profits they make. The plan is having some success. Brown says, but it's not very efficient. "In a developing country [agriculture] is the most difficult area to improve. It's so personal. You can't separate a small farmer to death." Brown has to cut the state-owned farms. He has a meeting in a few minutes with some Canadian government officials who want to know how he's planning to spend \$100 million in loans and aid. Others have promised to deliver.

Back down in Trench Town, Rastafal is still a mind-blowing beat. "I tell you, man, I

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not going to be a further banal, we want them [the government] not want bloodshed hood himself? why here say, I should go Nasser, well, how, he decided that try make deal? Of the war? here?"

"Maybe," says a young British housewife stashed naked beside her bathpool. "maybe there's some way between violence and dictatorship, between agriculture and modernization, between Babylon and Zion, as they're always saying to all the things the politicians say we need. Some way to have people working and everything, but with lots of time to relax, enjoy a smoke and listen to the music. Somebody once said the music is like the oil and the melody of Europe played to the dystopia of Africa."

It won't take a miracle to win the race between Babylon and Zion, so find a "Jewman way," but it will take time. And nobody knows how much time is left.

## THE U.K.

### In the hands of the 'gods'

They looked into anonymous books under assumed names. While one examined their activities were as known to their faces. Government officials parried questions about their activities as they harrowed through economic files deep behind the amber facade of the grey-stoned Treasury building in Whitehall. Yet in the past month the *Confidential* men from Washington have become the most notorious visitors to Britain. On their findings will hang the country's chances of pulling through an economic crisis now so acute that it has become the greatest test of national survival since the worst days of 1940, as their recommendations may well depend the future of Prime Minister James Callaghan's Labor government.

The sensitive visitors are experts from the International Monetary Fund who are about to become Britain's new book managers. After a meticulous examination of the national economy they will advise on what new steps the government may have to take to qualify for a \$1.6 billion loan from the IMF. In early December the British cabinet was examining their findings amid waves of informed speculation as to what of their economic horizon to come. The price Britain may have to pay for its huge infusion of international money—which may not be an only a first step to a much wider international financial operation of sterling to be saved as a major world currency—will only be known later this month when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Denis Healey, confronts the public with what promises to be a pre-Chinese mystery budget. But these unusually confidential visitors were emerging well before the final contents of the package were made public. The first was that the mystery dogged British public whose living standards are among the lowest in the European community were in for another dose of austerity medicine, the second that the essential de-

cision-making process that will decide Britain's future economic path is slipping steadily out of the control of the British government and into the hands of Britain's international creditors. And the third and most horrendous is the overriding possibility that the medicine prescribed by the IMF doctors might be so unacceptable to the powerful trade union and left-wing elements in the party that Britain will be faced with a national revolt that could tear apart the political and economic structure of the nation.

While the cabinet tried to temper down the frightening high wire Professor Milton Friedman, the American economist and Nobel Prize winner, warned that Britain is in danger of following Chile down



Callaghan and wife: Hot-Sp-urrry Joe

the road to economic disaster and political dictatorship.

Britain must have the IMF loan if it is to meet the short-term demands of international creditors and halt the steady slide of sterling on world markets by demonstrating that the London and enjoys the confidence of the world's monetary community. When Healey, provoked by sterling's biggest one day fall in history, called to the IMF in late September he assured the *Labor Party* and the *Financial Times* that Britain would raise the money "on the basis of our existing policies." Early this month, as sterling had to turn the rising tide of interest alarm, Healey told the Commons that severe deflation had been ruled out as a condition of the loan. But there were few who shared his optimism.

The men from the IMF searched about alarming symptoms of what is known throughout Europe as "the British disease," an inflation rate still running at 14%,

far above all European countries, a plunging pound, rising interest, nearly 1.5 million unemployed and a post-poil welfare state structure that has led the government into a somewhat public spending deficit of nearly \$20 billion. Investment in industry, essential if Britain's rising productivity is ever to improve, is hampered by a national interest rate running at 15% and a government policy of income tax in an attempt to fund its own enormous debt. Incentive is stifled by clogging tax rates. Excessives rank among the poorest paid in the Western world.

In the overwhelming view of commentators, the American economist and prominent most take if the nation is to be dragged back from the brink of insolvency government spending on the welfare state must be drastically trimmed to bring the nation out of debt. Many in Britain still hoped the IMF would impose upon the government solutions that until now have been ruled out as politically unacceptable. But in November, when Healey proposed to the cabinet that government expenditures be trimmed by roughly 10% and the nation's foreign debt be raised, the nation's fate was sealed. As many as eight of Callaghan's ministers were said to be ready to resign. Ian Murray, the general secretary of the powerful Trades Union Congress, warned the IMF men in their faces that any such cuts would lead the nation to reveal the social contract—the voluntary pay restraint policy with the government which is the cornerstone of all Britain's economic policies. Said one Treasury man: "Every time we put forward to the IMF alternatives we try to add some of them is politically asphyxiant."

There was some comfort for Britain from Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who assured Callaghan that a recharting of Europe's bonds of steel in the Helmut's *Wirtschaftswunder* and growth into a more to be politically acceptable. Germany would be ready to offer bilateral financial help. Neither Europe nor the financial world is anxious to precipitate a fiscal, economic and political disaster in Britain.

Meanwhile, a demoralized but still richly happy British public is watching in a pre-Chinese to spending spree—convulsed fast among the new measures would be an action in such an emergency package as well as new duties on wine, spirits, tobacco and gasoline. But the big spender were the nation from Britain's commercial neighbors. The low-cost pound and the modest prices in Britain turned the country into the bargain basement of Europe with brands of goods and services promising cross-channel players and sellers only occasional filling their suitcases with everything from food parcels to luxury clothes. It all added to a new feeling of national humiliation.

Commented *The Daily Mirror*: "If there once thing the British are led by who—it's being informed." JOHN LEECH

## Lebanon: a time to bind up the nation's wounds

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STEPHEN SHAMES

Finally the guns were silent. After 19 months of upping misery and destruction, the Lebanese civil war was halted, at least for the time being. A tenuous peace hung over the smoking wreckage of a country that was once the jewel of the Middle East. For the Lebanese themselves it seemed nearly impossible to believe their long war had ended. But when the barricades were finally ripped away in embattled Beirut last month, life again moved through the rubble-strewn streets and within hours the city centre was jammed. Patrol-keeping soldiers from Syria, unaccustomed to city traffic, fumbled hopelessly with the tie-ups and children rushed to sidestep troops in their best-preserved and possession is destruction for the rumbling tanks. Crowds jammed the newly reopened Beirut airport to witness the arrival of the first commercial aircraft, and cheer went up as the wheels of the Middle East Airlines plane touched the runway.

But even as the celebrations peaked in the streets, President Elias Sarkis had his cabinet members meeting in emergency session to begin planning the reconstruction of the shattered nation. And in international circles, debate raged about whether the new factions in Lebanon had really agreed to give up the fight permanently or were just taking a breaching space from the battle.

The civil war began as a struggle be-



The sights and sounds of war were simply part of the way of life in Beirut, says Issa Chelious (above), looking away with his heavy machine gun (above), seemed to cause little more disruption for the residents of the war zone than excessive noise (above the people with fingers in their ears). An exhausted but obviously happy Muslim soldier (right) relaxes at the first line of battle in Beirut. But for the Christian couple (left), peace brought little happiness: the photograph they're holding is that of their son, one of the estimated 250,000 casualties of the 15-month civil war. But all the tankers arrested in the apartment directly above them will now be dismantled



Looking anxiously like a bear-figure in a Hollywood war movie, a Christian soldier raises up the rubble in Beirut's devastated port area, automatically rifle at the ready (top left). A more somber and real expression of what war means shows on the face of another Christian soldier (top right). The three boys (above) are Muslim, and the rifle they're holding are real. The soldier in their faces may indicate that while they have fought and killed (perhaps their parents—14-to-18 years old—made it all a great adventure. But for the women (right) it was an adventure: the agony of it will be etched in her face as she cradles the corpse of a slain brother (child) friend (7) in her arms. And even after the dead are buried, she will join the ranks of the estimated 1,250,000 Lebanese who will need some kind of help.



seems to be Muslims, led by the Palestine Liberation Organization and right-wing Christians. When it reached a fever pitch earlier this year, troops from neighboring Syria entered the fray and took the side of the Christians who were on the brink of defeat in the hands of the PLO. Local coverage depicted the Christians as well, and when the fighting stopped the Syrians and Christians were clearly the victims, while the defeated PLO faced an extremely uncertain future. But the victory was passed at a stunning cost. More than 50,000 people died in the fighting and 200,000 were wounded. Material damage has been estimated at \$3.5 billion and there has been no figure set on the cost of the humanitarian needed by half the population who have lost their homes or other possessions in the war. There were also massed fears that Syria might begin moving infantry into southern Lebanon, dangerously only the border with Israel, a move that authorities in Tel Aviv say might spark another Middle East war that many diplomats and the public demand the destruction of Israel, moves a serious stumbling block to a general peace agreement between the Arabs and Israelis.

In Lebanon, however, the Christians were court-martialed: where to find the money and material to rebuild a shattered, decimated nation out of the ruins left by an extraordinarily savage war?



The young man above may be a Christian or a Muslim—what does it matter where he will, if he lives, never walk again or either? The Muslim family (left) is not a complete family any more; the man's wife (the children's mother) was killed when their house, in the middle of the Beirut war zone, was hammered by shells. The man, carrying his two injured sons (inset) was also among those who often had to flee the war zone—nor had he the choice forced on Wes. And (right) some others who staged the game of dominos outside a partly destroyed cafe, another eloquency of the fatalities. 'For the first year we stayed in our homes,' they said, 'but how long can you live like that?'



## People

No one needs to be told that this has not been a great year for federal politicians, especially in the area of the job



President usually taking work home, but...

involving the police system, such as how to handle and publicize cases to be resolved. The current holder of the brief is Francis Fox, and one night recently he found himself more deeply involved than he had come to suspect. As he was driving to a party, he was stopped in a police roadblock. Two cops, both looking at him, gave him the once-over, didn't recognize him, and sent him on his way. What, Fox asked, was it all about? "There's been a break in the local prison," was the reply.

"Will no one," shouts Henry II in *Murder in the Cathedral*, "rid me of this cocklestone prison?" Someone does, of course, and the king of the former island, Thomas A. Becket, in a scene Gregory Baum had rid his church of a middle-class priest, not by doing but by leaving. Back in the golden, reformist days of Pope John XXIII and Vatican II, Baum was in the vanguard, not always one of Ciesla's—and the world's—leading theologians (he still is) but almost a spokesman for the new and apparently liberalized Roman Catholic Church.

But reform died with Pope John, the church counter-attacked and Baum, apparently given up fighting for enlightenment within it. The realignment, earlier this year, of Baum's missionary spirit on matters of sexual morality, which flow in the face of

such Baum statements as "homosexuality gave expression to love and a wonderful love," apparently made the final decision for him. And how does the church feel about homosexuality? "This response from the Roman Catholic Chancery Office in Toronto was "We'll be one less priest."

Remember the stuff that dreams are made of? Well, it seems there's still a little of it left around. A case in point is that of Jo-



Koko and Paul photo: paradise found

**Koko Koko** A few weeks ago Koko was just another New Jersey housewife and mother (two college-age sons) who had a television, which was playing the late **Kathie Lee** in a half-hour, one-woman show in a little town called Fort Lee. And it just so happened that one night two Big New York producers caught her act. And liked it. And so a month later Koko opens on Broadway, January 24, playing that is a musical biography.

**Bette Midler** has come of age. The divine mistress of the tacky is about to open with the New York City Ballet—considered to be among the best in the world—in George Balanchine's revival of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, a theatre piece (combining drama, comic and dance) by Karl Weill and Benoit Liacchi. Midler, who only a few years ago was tagged for the gay clientele of New York's Continental Baths, will sing/surren't but not dance. Without resorting to delve too deeply into the intricacies of the story, it concerns two personalities of the same girl, Anna-Anna, going out into the world to earn her way



Midler: you've come a long way, baby

and thereby confronting the seven deadly sins, one by one. One of the personalities—the odd, irresponsible one—in the singer, played by Midler. The other—the responsible one—will be danced by Karin Van Arsdolghen.

It's a little like learning that your mother took her real **deck Anderson** source of the politically corrupt enemy of all evils from high places, has actually been involved in a suspect, if not shady, operation herself. Anderson, the syndicated (1,000-odd papers) columnist, was sent late November, chairman of the executive committee of the Diplomatic National Bank in Washington. The bank is under heavy investigation by *The Washington Post* and by a congressional subcommittee for its connections with the Kuwait crisis (see *Newsweek's* September 20) and a pyramid of much of its stock is owned by the followers of the self-proclaimed messiah and all-around suspicious character **Bea Myung Moon**. It has also figured largely in allegations of bribery of American congressmen by the Kuwaitis. Anderson became secretary to cut the first issue on two issues. First he did a pro-Moon item in his column; second, he personally attempted to get Representative Donald Fraser, who keeps the tabernacles looking at the bank's activities, to call off the dogs. But as any cash, Anderson did regain a measure of virginity by resigning from the bank and directing himself at all manners in it.

# Sports

It'll ruin baseball,' the doomsayers said. And they just may be right



Goeh, Seitz, Steinbrenner and Jackson: In the old days, owners used to build dynasties. Now they simply buy them

As they approached last month's historic reality draft, baseball's 26 free agents repeatedly claimed that they were innocent of the charge that money is seductive them to new cities. In fact, over a half century of the sports industry's history, the most powerful "magnate" is still baseball's wealthy owner, unencumbered by any reluctance to spend money. He's the one slacker Reggie Jackson had signed the game's most valuable contract ever with the New York Yankees. If players had become instant millionaires, and the most prominent 14 free agents had agreed to pocket an estimated \$20 million.

Former Cincinnati Reds left-leader Don Gullett may have won an Other Game by heart. But Yankee owner George Steinbrenner's two-million-dollar contract proved enough for him to spend the next six years in New York. Baltimore Orioles star slugger Bobby Grich may have vowed to play only in west coast stadiums but it wasn't until California Angels boss Gene Autry asked up \$12 million that Grich's promise was fulfilled. The smallest Yankee may have felt your loyalty for his former manager Dick Williams, now boss of the Montreal Expos, but even Expos owner Charles Bronfman's "tough owner" could not dispute the fact that New York was Jackson's most financial choice.

"It's a shame you have to talk about money," said Jackson, 30, who is listed as a rich man to his point of arrival in baseball. They can pay you one, two, five, 10, 10 million dollars. It's not going to hurt happiness. Money is addictive." Nevertheless, it was money that fueled the series draft. And it's money, some doomsayers insist, that will destroy baseball's competitive balance. The world's oldest Yankee, and San Diego Padres coach owner of the best free agents. The only-city series loss

three, and Charlie Finley's Oakland A's lost—all starting players. In addition to Ben Chapman, they were Joe Rodd, Eddie Fingers, Don Baylor, Ed Barba and Gene Tenace. "I wasn't raped," Finley said. "I was royally raped."

Even Jackson admits that "wealthy teams will now become contenders. When a relatively short time you can change the character and personality of a team. I've asked to know who is supposed to go about that way. You're not going to get a Reggie Jackson if you're not prepared to go out and buy again. It's like getting another turn for a Rolls-Royce, hoping someone will put you into the Rolls." At Yankee Stadium, Jackson will provide more horsepower for the Reds slowly there. Cracked out baseball will "With him and Gullett, the Yankees can offer World Series tickets in Christmas presents."

Amidst the panic, there is at least one voice of caution. "Whatever has been agreed to is considered a contract of choice to show it's good or bad," says Peter Seitz, the 71-year-old arbitrator who set a baseball precedent a year ago by declaring that pitcher Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally were legally free agents. That decision was arrived at the collective bargaining agreement has entered into some considerable time, an agreement that allows free agency without compensation for players who had agreed under the old pact and free agency with compensation for players signed under the new terms.

"The thing is, it's on your own," says Seitz. "That's what I would prefer to do by themselves. If it's going to matter to all the rest of us, getting up all the people so that you don't have a relatively manageable ability of shifting the balance, then they'll have to make some kind of a game. Representatives of the players are just as com-

pressed about the success of the sport as those who have money invested. The trouble is that if a few owners have been accused to historic power—and I don't say this in the perspective sense—that it's very difficult for them to share power with anybody, even those who are their own customers." Says Toronto Blue Jays general manager Peter Stroh: "The owner wants to win. There is no reason or logic beyond the desire to win immediately."

The Jackson case was typical. De-manded to sign Jackson at any cost. Brief-man spent \$20,000 covering him before offering a contract that would have paid Jackson more than five million dollars. "With compensated interest rates at the end of 30 years he would have collected between five and an million dollars," said baseball's chief economist, Rubeen Joseph. John McHale: "For as much more as any other team, that kind of money was worth it. We have a new stadium and the possibility of bringing last year's attendance. We projected over last year's we would gain money back."

In apparent contradiction of the money principle Jackson signed for his team, the Yankees made dollars with New York. "It's bad," Bronfman mused later, "the World Series and play-off money is semi-protected, because they have every chance of getting a back in the World Series. If they do, the results would be pretty big." Jackson also has a difficult economic situation based in New York and an ABA-TV contract to manage in Tokyo. It's still all settled in dollars and cents. With Jackson in Manhattan, the Expos had to settle for a former Philadelphia Phillie Phanatic mascot, who signed a five-year contract for an estimated one million dollars. His name, a second baseman, was Dave Cash.

RON GREEN

## From the jaws of victory

The Saskatchewan Roughriders sat sadly on benches, swayed in pools of depression. In a cryer beneath the stadium lights, their voices murmured regret as dissonant tones and surreal the scene that conspired to rob them of the 1985 Grey Cup game. Their quarterback, 30-year-old Romeo Lanier, stood by his locker carefully unwrapping a package of Robben's and sipping from a cold bottle of Old Vienna. His eyes were moist. Spectators hunched around him, eager to record his analysis of Ottawa's last-minute 23-20 victory, to have him present the critical play that made the difference. The Canadian Football League's outstanding player of the year was unconcerned. "Fundamental football," said Lanier, one of 10 children born to a farmer, Pennsylvania, steelworker. "Blocking-tackling, that's what best is." Could he have won with 20 seconds to play? "No way. You know the kickoff's game take 10 seconds and after that all you can do is throw bags. You don't win the Grey Cup on a hope." At the door of the locker room, a man announcing himself as the Mayor of Regina poured cautiously into the gloom. "I guess it's all over and say a few words to the boys," he declared to no one in particular.

Not 40 yards down the corridor, about the distance of Tom Clements' game-winning touchdown pass to right end Tony Gabriel, the Ottawa Rough Riders were already reliving the spoils of victory—diamond champagne. Four-point wide receiver had jumped to a 30-ft. wide-mouthed first quarter advantage, then relinquished the wind and the lead to trail 17-10 in half time. The turning point, coach observers agreed, was Saskatchewan's inability to fit lead with the wind in the third quarter, when Ottawa built Regina to a three-point field goal, and added a 40-yarder of their own courtesy of quarterback Gerry Ogry. (It was the second consecutive year in which Clements accounted for all Grey Cup victories.) "Knee-leave points weren't enough," said Lanier later. "But it's over. You've never going to change the result. So why worry about it. Still, it took the desperation kick 34 ft. to Calgary—somebody who's never owned Jake Gaudin—on a win for Ottawa." The 36-year-old Gabriel, the league's outstanding Canadian in 1975, turned up the next night in Peter Gaudin's talk show audience to allow residents that his team's victory had added some \$6,000 per player to the prize money.

But financial considerations made the two teams' current Canadian football fans—the record crowd of 33,389 basketball players (the game was played in Calgary, since the stadium in Vancouver was on tv)—one of the most electrifying Grey Cup spectacles we have had in years.

RON GREEN

## A game filled with all sorts of surprises? Nonsense!

Sports column by John Robertson



Gabriel about to wrap it up. If all else fails, there's still good old luck

Oh, the antiquity of it all, as you drive out along Toronto's Lakeshore onto the Canadian National Exhibition grounds. On your left, today's hall of fame. On the right, football's hall of shame, the coach of the unknown Argo, adorned with such graffiti as "Anthony Davis died here."

But every few years one hot team in the nation insists on playing in Toronto to prove to Argo athletic taxpayers that somebody in Canada can still play this game. And it all happens within the shadow of the CN Tower, the world's largest revolving round theme structure.

And so what if Saskatchewan and Ottawa managed old-fashioned fundamental football success?

To comprehend fully the total unpredictability of what transpired, perhaps for a moment, that it is the day before the Ottawa Saskatchewan game. This pay wearing on Ottawa bench—we'll call him Flunk Gordon—comes up to Percy Forchuck from Canis, Sask.

"Wanna make a free bet on the game?" "Sure," says Percy.

"Okay," says Flunk. "Let's bet on the longest run of the day. I say it will be Bill Haskins, 79 yards for a touchdown." Percy dodges a question and down the floor. "Inevitably, pulls out a roll of bills and says, 'Best thing you'll be left'—it's that that Gerry Ogry is making history."

"You're on," says Flunk. "Event money Ogry averages 36 yards a carry."

How can he interrupt once he's started? He'll be interrupted three times. How do you like that, sport?

"I like them so much I guarantee it'll happen," says Flunk. "Lanier and Clements will do exactly what you said. But I'll bet you Clements a second offensive player of the game."

Percy pulls out another \$100, knowing: "How can he lose quarterback he named offensive player of the game?"

"I'm getting to that," said Flunk. "I'll bet you Ottawa goes down to Saskatchewan's one yard line, with 99 seconds to go, trailing by only four points with only 15 inches to go for a first down. Do they make it?"

"Gee," guarantees Percy. "Clements can get them over the goal line and beat us, right?"

"Wrong," says Flunk. "I'll bet Clements doesn't even see the first down and Ottawa loses the ball."

And the game? Flunk Percy from Flunk's dancing a little jig. "I'll bet the whole team on that."

"Wrong," says Flunk. "What if Ottawa gets the ball back on the dying drive with 35 yards away from pay dirt?"

"So what?" queries Percy. "They've only got one play. Clements to Gabriel, right? The play gets yards and I'll get the best pass delivery in Canada for nothing."

The royal Gaudin of the book, all stored in the end zone," says Flunk. Good. "Men are at the CN Tower after the game and living the dead in your form." When last said, Percy Flunk's of Flunk's, Sask., had wrapped his arms around the hair of the tower and was shouting to the bartender in the roof restaurant. "I'll be up."

# Business

Things are bad, but they could be worse. In fact they probably will be



Lifescave's Bank

In 11 days' trading after the Parti Québécois election victory on November 15, the Canadian dollar slipped out 18 months of gains in terms of the U.S. dollar. Canadian stock markets were equally badly hit, with the Toronto Stock Exchange Industrial Index regressing to below-par status January 1975. By early December, however, both were showing signs of stabilization.

Although Canada's third quarter balance of trade figures, released on November 30, showed a strong improvement, it had been widely believed that the Canadian dollar was overvalued through most of that year (Maclean's July 1995). Eventually because of high interest rates here, while the Bank of Canada has now started to reduce. The advent of René Lévesque, plus widely quoted negative analysis of the Canadian economy circulated on Wall Street last month, were probably just the trigger. A new dollar will help Canadian exporters, but will increase inflation here, since Canada as will have to pay more for imported goods. Canadian financial circles generally believe that the Canadian dollar will soften comfortably around 97 cents to 99 cents for most of next year. This view is shared by at least one U.S.-based oil company with assets here, which was reportedly telling visitors that work that it expected capital inflows to Canada to resume shortly stimulated by a more welcoming attitude by the provinces and a political pendulum of Ottawa's nationalistic and conventional impulses. But some traders think the dollar will be under pressure for

several months as U.S. holders bail out, and the speculative forces that have become prominent in recent years try their hand. If this happens, the Bank of Canada may find itself spending considerably more than its surplus's \$100 billion or so (which brought Canada's foreign exchange reserves to about five billion dollars) to prevent a slide that could swamp the new inflation program.

Canadian bankers, personal operators, are not inclined to write off stock markets entirely, especially in view of the expected strong performance in New York. It has been a long, nervous autumn, however, and in view of Canada's long-term economic problems few are willing to predict more than a brief rally from the massive losses of late November. **PETER BEINLEW**

## It's about your rust...

With the inflammatory publicity surrounding the rapid sinking of Ford cars in particular, the number of complaints received by the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs in Ottawa this year has jumped from hundreds to thousands. All too often, the ruling can stem's one of a kind lessons, but across-by-acc standards. Last month, Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Anthony Abbott took a letter to the automotive manufacturers and the exporters, asking them to meet him "at the policy level" for discussions on the corrosion issue. "Twenty vehicles failed for rust-destroyed, the coating is required to find out if the auto companies

can produce a reasonably priced car that can last 50,000 or even 100,000 miles without rusting, and if they can upgrade their warranties.

An 800 new stand, Ford is the only domestic company that provides a warranty specifically mentioning rust. Stimulated by the hostile publicity, which rapidly translated into a significant loss in sales, it has introduced a three-year warranty covering all 1977 North American Ford cars, as well as using electrocoat and protective treatments. Any rust and acid decay, except that associated with a car's exhaust system, will be pushed up free of charge. The other domestic manufacturers maintain there's still little cause for concern—certainly no need for changes in their present warranties. "Most people in this country seem to accept that rust is inevitable. Ford's warranty is to cover a problem of its own making." If there is a rust attack, the company says, it is the increasing use of water salt—up 300% in the past 30 years, by an order of—plus the result that cars rust faster in Ontario than in Alberta, where salt is little used.

Abbott and his aides recognize that salt is a contributing factor but they protest that the road and weather conditions under which cars in Canada are driven are well known to the manufacturers and cars should be designed to meet those conditions. To do otherwise would be to design a shower cap that should not be needed. Abbott says that "an essential part of the solution [to the rust problem] lies with the consumer." He is evidently dissatisfied with the existing bodywork warranties, emphasizing that he is "extremely concerned at the economic losses suffered by consumers." But his department has no legal authority over the auto industry. He cannot demand only six Abbott's letter to the companies is that five parties, meaning the need for cooperation.

If the companies will not admit to any responsibility, then the meaning will accomplish little. "I don't want to prejudge it," says Phil Edmondson of the Automotive Protection Association, "but there's already an overwhelming sense of responsibility, and an understanding of legislation." Abbott himself concedes that solutions are not going to be reached overnight, and suggests that after the initial meeting, the next step may be to form a "technical committee" that will study the problem further. Like the rust itself, the rising number of complaints had shown that the problem will not just fade away of its own accord. **RICHARD WARR**

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# If government really wants business as a friend, it could start by showing a little respect

Business column by Peter Brimelow

Viewed from outside, Ottawa appears to be not so much a place to do business as a place to be avoided. One of the most conspicuously quiet New England towns before of Gothic motifs, where even the bars are apt to discover one morning, while sharing that he is slowly turning into a vampire. Stranger or faster, everywhere there is claimed by the intruders, preoccupations and even the style of the civil service and its political collaborators. Hence the business community has its own peculiar style, it is hardly surprising that the two groups don't get along too well. The Task Force on Business/Government Interface was set up to do something about this, in keeping with the "formal process of discussion, dialogue and consultation with all elements of Canadian society" solemnly pursued in the government's post-control working paper. The Way Ahead Having discussed, diagnosed etc. the task force has now produced its report, copies of which have been working around like wildfire. Business, waiting for the French edition to be finished. It's a remarkably clever document, a product of Ottawa at its finest. But its ultimate effect is depressing, because no amount of ingenuity can solve the problem it lays bare.

The report is elegantly written by task force chairman Roy MacLennan, who is also the author of a recently published study of Canada's role in the allied intervention against the Bolshevik revolution, *Canada in Russia, 1918-1919* (Macmillan). He presents interesting statistics, even with Editorial Affairs, Macmillan-Forbes Ltd., and Daphne & Miller (Canada) Ltd. the U.S.-based advertising agency. Employing a favorite tactic of businessmen and politicians, the report (despite opposition) is released by judiciously discussing every possible hindrance to the perfect union of business and government in Canada, from the conflicting interests of many industries to the fact that executives in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal just don't live into cities so severely socially, justifying their only when on special assignments to Ottawa. Thus it proceeds to make specific recommendations on how to "improve" the relationship between the two systems which reflect a rather more limited perspective. Chief among these is the formation of a Business/Business Relations Council as a key liaison point, a strengthening of the various business associations, increased interchange of personnel between the two sides and "rejuvenation" of the adoption of free market solutions to various needs currently met by government intervention.



But it's hard to be optimistic about their implementation. Even apart from the obvious paradox of soothing business' fear of bureaucracy by setting up yet another committee (filled with only a "small staff", such an abstract solution as the proposed Business Relations Council is not easily compatible with the stodginess and like-mindedness of many chief executives, grokking for long hours among their papers and rarely leaving their immediate circle once the hour is over. Although "rejuvenation" has apparently been discussed in cabinet in respect to opening up Air Canada's routes to competitive tender—without results—the report is disarmingly naive on where specifically this principle can be applied. The reaction of the labor unions if the government attempted the closure of a sample of turning the mail over to private enterprise can readily be imagined. And isn't it possible that there are good as well as bad reasons for the dichotomy in attitudes, because of the differences in the two functions?

Actually, there are two problems involved in government-business relations. First, there is the coordination of information flows between the two on technical matters such as government advice on foreign markets and so on. This probably could be improved by more liaison. But the second question, that of overall morale is virtually untractable. For, in the end the reason business believes it's being asked to do the will is that the government is making it to the wall. If the government policy is to let by parliament will the distribution of wealth, patterns of investment, and a whole range of social phenomena. No amount of consultation can halt this process. All that can be debated is to degree. Since the present government believes it

is inevitable, but even if there really was room for argument, to stage it anywhere other than on the floor of the House of Commons means a significant concentration of staff—one that the report itself is essential.

The philosophy behind the task force report is fundamentally one of political interference, although of well-defined dimensions. This explains why, despite the difficulties that it acknowledges itself, the report persists in the belief that business can and must organize itself into associations, which would make things much simpler for Ottawa. It explains why civil servants discussing the issue suggest a government agency to direct businessmen in the officials relevant to their particular problem, although this function is already filled by private contingents. They're called lobbyists. But they're poorly regarded by current opinion, which would prefer that corporate executives communicate with government by standing outside Ottawa office blocks and shouting through a bullhorn.

Canada has now reached the point where government intervention in the economy cannot proceed further without serious disruption of the business community, but where the situation is integrative (and the labor union) into the process involves parliament and introduces the beginnings of a corporate state—another "rejuvenation" notwithstanding. The only alternative to the interventionism and of freedom this entails is to halt and reverse the growth of the whole parasitic and ultimately unstable apparatus of the welfare state, just as the structure of freedom was dismantled at the start of the industrial revolution. Of fundamental nature to defend and then there is, besides to any change at all.

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taken the prospect of child-centred education to extremes. One Tyndale teacher applied for a job with another school and opened that meeting was a "middle-class convert." The working class do not read books, she argued, hence there is no need for their children to suffer the rigors of being taught to read. She did not get the job. Such attitudes, with overtones of Orwellian politics being kept in connection to us, are positively shocking to educationists, many of whom, it is true, are not equipped to find jobs. For the next few years, he acknowledged in his speech the subjects must produce good eggs for round holes in industry—and Britain is to recover economically.

At the same time, there's probably no chance of restoring traditional attitudes to parents, teachers and other once-famous symbols of authority. More, indeed, find this healthy development. One East London teacher says the national curriculum is "teaching children to teach themselves rather than handing over a body of knowledge." He and many other teachers will stand against any attempt to impose a so-called "core curriculum," understanding teaching of the three Rs. But some local education authorities are already looking into that possibility.

The delicate and thankless task of shifting educational gears is now in the hands of one of labor's brightest and most popular campaigners—46-year-old Shirley Williams, an eloquent Oxford graduate whose father, Sir George Gidley, taught political science at Merton's McGill University in the late 1950s. Mrs. Williams is committed to sweeping away what she calls the "master-servant relationship," which in her opinion has bedeviled British society for decades—not least in its division between private and public education. But she is sharply aware that this year he chose by making sure education better. Whatever the degree of decline in the current standard of British schooling, Mrs. Williams' appointment is perhaps the best assurance that something will shortly be done about it.

CAROL BENNETT

## The grand old man

Every August, it is Isaac Carter's habit to ask his employees whether they think he ought to retire. And every autumn, Carter's employees at Toronto's Community Hebrew Academy politely but firmly tell him they will not even consider the idea. So this year, as he has for 52 consecutive years, Isaac Carter, 74—one of the oldest teachers in the Ontario school system—is once again reading his teachers the finer points of high school math—in a way that

## Côtes de Beaune, Maconnais, Chablis, Côtes d'Or, Bourgogne, A clear view of Burgundy, from the cellar.

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**Mâcon Villages.** Only fine white wines from Mâcon may be sold under this name for they hold an extremely important position in the Burgundy wine selection. These white wines, such as Joseph Drouhin's L'ajouté Mâcon Villages, are dry, heady and well suited to any budget. (Distributed by Wm. Moss Company Ltd.)



**Beauve. Another** commune of the Côte de Beaune, it has been said that even the second vintages of Beauve wines are the wines of princes. These dark red wines, such as Poulet Père & Fils Beauve Clos des Arcoux, are full bodied, very smooth, and very affordable. (Distributed by Cosmopolitan Wine Agents Ltd.)



**Mâcon Supérieur.** Red Mâcon and Mâcon Supérieur wines, which differ only in alcoholic content, are counted in the vanguard of fine wines from Burgundy. They are quite full-bodied and agreeably fruity. A good, sensibly-priced example is Bouchard Père & Fils Mâcon Supérieur (Distributed by Daville Co. (Canada) Ltd.)



**Chablis.** Few wine-growing districts are as famous as this one. Its white wines are known for their pale colour and unforgettable aftertaste. Chablis Poul Bouchard is a true ambassador, the perfect companion for fish and white meat. Also comes in the half bottle. (Distributed by Featherstone & Co. Ltd.)



**Côtes d'Or.** This holy wine growing region is one of Burgundy's most prolific. Various kinds of grapes are grown here, including the Aligote grape. Blanc de Blancs Aligote is a delightful white wine made entirely from this grape, softly dry in taste. (Distributed by Watley Ltd.)



**Bourgogne.** Both the inhabitants, and the wines of Burgundy are considered warm, generous and adventurous. Bourgogne des Urulines is a good example: full bodied, a rich red in colour. The ideal dinner wine, available at a very reasonable price. (Distributed by Herd & Chanton Inc.)

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# Lifestyles

## Keep on vanning: the once-lowly truck as an objet d'art

They look like unglamorous spaceships clustered together—gleaming, hand-painted hulks bearing names such as Dennis Weaver, Tins Machine, Winter Warner. Their windows contain the earth's life-support systems: color televisions, high-back oval seats, plush headrests, quadraphonic sound systems, fan-covered dashboards well-stocked here, invisibly, the owners' faces are young (under 35), male and tough, their eyes riveted on the grids of their lives—and one of the alternative world's hottest numbers—the custom van. Conservative estimates say there are about 3,000 hand-core vans in the country, but the number is growing rapidly. Almost overnight, it seems, the once lowly delivery van has become a vehicle of unimagined exuberance, a form of much embellished and legitimate subculture.

Like other Canadian quasi-phenomena, the origins of vaning are American, specifically Californian. In the late 1960s, surfers used vans to transport themselves and their surfboards to the beach. Eventually, the van became a personal statement, a flat that stuck and spread—penned by van owners' shops and do-it-yourself accessory stores in both seas, represents a \$10-million industry in southern

The Lopez van is part of the splendor. Clockwise from top right: the driver's side with its extended mural; an interior view, including the bar that was built for the passenger's wife, with two women in an act of housewifery; and finally, the artist responsible for the decoration, Ivan Basko, and Lopez, flanking a portrait of Lopez's wife.



Ottario above. In the past three years, van clubs have popped up in every Canadian province, holding van happenings in summer and fall and indoor shows in winter.

The summer conversion is eight more appropriately be termed "having a bug truck." But the most likely, and not seldom, the van club is not actively looking for trouble. "All they want to do is booze 'til they puke," says "Dicky" Dean Munay, organizer of last month's London, Ontario, Vanscape, which drew 90 vans and some 5,000 van fans. Between dances, they engaged in the usual outdoor games—chop-a-log, egg-toss and tag-of-war—and a few more discouraging entertainments such as van pull (two vans back to back, tagged) head-on's maneuvers (a daredevil driver's blindfolded driver over a dispirited owner), and drag racing. The London turnout was relatively modest: almost 1,000 vans pulled in to the Can-Am Van Nationals in Kitchener, Ont., last summer, while a 3,300 van (about 16,000 people) flocked to Bowling Green, Kentucky, in July. No winner will forget it, neither, it is

said, will social classes. During winter months, vanners attend shows looking for the latest ideas or a good deal on a used van. But many vanners refuse to drive in winter, for fear of cold weather cracking the elaborate air-heated windscreens in the coldest.

Despite these handicaps, owners insist the van is superior to the ordinary car. "There's nothing like a van," says Toronto sign painter Keith Wallace, a father of three. "I've went to move a fridge? You get the van. You want to go camping? Get the van out. Hell, you can live in it, if you want." And some do. "I got tired of sleeping in a tent or looking for \$25 or eight motel

rooms," confesses Tom Milligan, 37, a London auto mechanic. "And vans are like a lot safer to drive. You're looking right over the car and can see 'way down the road." Windsor body shop owner Frank Lopez, 36, proof a few women wagon before spring for the van. "It's just too comfortable," he says. "I won't go back to the car." Among other things, Lopez's "Blue Jet" boasts a wet sink and an illuminated star seller. The exterior features a mural of a frozen Niagara Falls which on close inspection reveals two women making love. Total cost about \$16,000—\$2,000 more than the average. "It doesn't feel too much to spend that kind of

The subtle good life: into the driveway rolling, the stove and sink in the door



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accuses," says Rogers, pointing, headily "It's your own."

Even more important, voters tend to hold their pocket money close. One \$2,000 van, travelled 90,000 miles and was then sold—for \$3,580. Notes Larry Taylor found of a 17-van cabler Red Dean, Alberta. "Convincing me to be the industry. But the van's taken over." At another level, semi-professional winners go through about a year's year selling at a lady profit and starting from scratch again. But it's obviously not profit that motivates the true winner. "It's being able to go on and make something that's your own even after," says Dennis Schneider, 24, a Regina television cameraman. "Even if you make some money from a magazine, it's still your own work. One of the big, ugly but you've created something."

Misadventure, the author's commentators are trying to contend with the demand. General Motors has increased production at Scarborough, Ont. from 17 to 25 units a hour. Ford of Canada is opening, in enormous 100,000-sq-ft space, plant in Ontario next spring, more than double the U.S. market. Says one executive: "This was revolution aimed to be modest."

DEBORA REYAL

## Power in the half shell

It seemed to be a private teaching like any other for John Turner. An usual, he sat in the oval-shaped room of a private club at his reserved table, and ordered his favourite meal—a massive steak and a few tennis shoes. With him sat his deputy minister, Tony Stuyk. Only later, when the headliners broke would onlookers wonder that there had been in Ontario's Canadian Grill the day that a former minister actually conversed to Stuyk that he was quelling the crisis. An hour later, he provided by his usual

his driver and walking up the Hill to the Prime Minister's Office for the final meeting that led to his resignation.

Band deep in the business of the oval like Christie's Laurel Hotel operated by Canadian National Railways and the one built out of the Parliament Buildings, the Canadian Grill has been the scene of more than one historic meeting by Ottawa's power wielders. Here to quiet rumours over midday meetings, such as hatched scandals, broken promises, gained and reputations lost. Power meetings deal with power wielders. New Money is introduced to Old and new leaders mingle with new leaders. Its late cabinet ministers, left-wing prime ministers, and cultural businessmen, political groups and ordinary people's attitudes were and done. No other Canadian restaurant can claim such stellar patronage—the daily parade of walking talking history-makers.

Antonio Pegibé de, until his recent semi-retirement, the Grill's "Capitain Water" has seen them all. Tony (the name everyone knows him by) began as a dishwasher in 1959. The year the Grill opened its doors, room goes to the public. The Ottawa-born immigrant quickly rose in rank to become the Grill's most popular waiter. He recalls John Turner who came in two or three times a week. "He was my favorite and I was his." Former Assistant Minister Don Jamieson ("I'm just like his brother"), former prime minister John Diefenbaker, who often lunched with his wife, Olive, and whom Tony remembers as a staunch defender of Ukrainians ("My favorite of them all") and Douglas, a former Ontario National Capital Commission head and now a privy councillor. "I didn't know it, but, when I sat in

Michael Pithil, Clerk of the Privy Council, is a regular patron, as was Jean Marchand, who sometimes dined at the Grill twice a day. Back in the early '60s an unemployed Jacques Parizeau, now a finance minister in Quebec premier René Lévesque's new government, ate at the Grill when he was looking for work as deputy head of the Bank of Canada. It is interesting to speculate what the course of Quebec history might have been if Parizeau had been given the job. Tony also remembers former Quebec premier Robert Bourassa. "He always came in with five to eight French-speaking gentlemen. But he always ordered in English. He never asked me if I spoke French, like so many do," (Tony doesn't).

But good service is surely the reason that Ottawa's elite dine regularly at the Grill. Eager to escape the parliamentary restaurant, where the high ceiling echoes conversations politicians like the Grill's low, heavy-beamed ceiling, on 10 private stories, and dine lightly. Indeed, the location of the Grill's table in the Canadian Grill is often used as a subtle indication of power and influence in a late or ministerial rank.

For those who can afford it—a lunch for two costs about \$25—memories of years gone by as the Grill have made dining a pleasure to repeat. And again, Mitchell Sharp remembers writing Daisy, his first wife, around the Grill dance floor check-in-check on Saturday nights in the 1950s (when a complete dinner for two was less than \$10). Walter Baker, Conservative House Leader, remembers dining at the Grill as a family tradition. His father ate there. Baker says there's a nice happy place, it's more like a club than my club, and now he takes his children there. "My wife says that if I had proposed to her, I would have proposed in the Grill—though I doubt her claim that I never proposed to her." Baker says that Gordon Roberson, former clerk of the privy council and now cabinet secretary for federal-provincial relations, actually met the public service from there.

When the Grill opened, every prime minister has eaten at least one meal there. R. B. Bennett who lived in a seven-room suite at the Château during the Great Depression, was fond of business table dining as the chef's staffed it to look like a formal hotel. Mackenzie King preferred over wedding receptions there, though it is said he was a very light eater and never took a drink. Louis St. Laurent ate there. John Diefenbaker still eats there. And Lester B. Pearson dined on oysters in the half-shell with his wife Maryann.

Today, prime ministers, kings, queens and dignitaries have been mostly replaced by wealthy businessmen and high-ranking cabinet ministers. But history still is the making at the Canadian Grill.

JULIANNE LAROCHE

# Some people think the best parties are the ones they can't remember.

**A lot of people who drink have been drunk at least once in their lives.**

But, if you're like most people, you don't enjoy getting drunk, being drunk, or the morning after. There's nothing clever about it, anyone can get drunk. All it takes is too much to drink. Yet, while you may say "never again", there are some people who think that getting loaded is what having a good time is all about.

**They drink like a fool, so they can have the confidence to be one. And they rate people and events according to how much drinking is going on.**

**"Look at old" so and so.**

**Boy can he handle his drink."** How often do you

hear someone say, "It was a great party, everyone got smashed" (It's like saying "getting drunk is a virtue")? Or, "I can drink you under the table any day!" (So what if you can?)

**It's that kind of thinking that helps cause approximately 40% of all traffic deaths in this country.**

People who drink this way think it's a weakness to admit they shouldn't drive. Not having several drinks over lunch makes them feel less important. Getting loaded makes them think they are more of a man, or woman. The trouble is they're probably influencing others.

**It's high time we told**

**these people they're wrong.**

If we're going to tackle the drinking problem in this country, we must change these people's attitudes. Tell them they're out of line. Speak out against such attitudes and behaviour. Speaking out isn't easy. People don't like being told what they don't like to hear.

**If you're not sure what to say, cut this out and think about it.** Dialogue on drinking is a program to encourage and help you to talk about the problems. If you have any specific comments, we'd like to hear from you. We believe that if enough people talk about the problems, we're that much closer to solving them.

## Dialogue on drinking

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The Canadian Grill is a country, like an entry, looks to travel as its stomach.



In Ontario's, Health program

# Medicine

You've had your checkup and everything's fine, right? Don't be too sure

Large suggests that in order to maintain health, we must prevent disease. And that this can best be accomplished by eating balanced meals, exercising regularly—and see the doctor once a year for a checkup. This latter must, the annual physical, has been extensively promoted by physicians and enthusiastically accepted by patients as an effective means of maintaining health. But is it?

So wrote Dr. Richard Spock last July in *The New York Times Magazine*. Spock, an associate clinical professor of medicine at Harvard, thus joined the swelling ranks of those who regard the annual checkup—complete with diagnostic blood tests (CGs and ultrasounds) as an empty ritual that serves little practical purpose and costs too much. His piece, and others like it, have touched off a bitter controversy in medical circles about the value of periodic health examinations for "well" individuals.

At first glance, Spock's evidence seems persuasive. He cites a seven-year study in California in which death, disease and disability rates of two groups were compared. Group A was urged to have an annual physical; group B was given no such encouragement. The statistical differences were marginal. Another study found that in almost half (49%) of 380 recorded deaths, doctors administering annual checkups were unable to detect the death-causing disease, even when the victim was given in the six months before death. When a patient feels well, Spock argues, physicians must rely on the diagnostic techniques—otherwise known as the auditory-phonic methods—by which they detect illnesses as not the serious task—partly because some tests are too crude to identify disease at an early stage. For example, among a group of more than 6,000 men given chest X-rays every six months for 10 years, 121 ultimately developed lung cancer. Despite immediate treatment, only 8% survived five years—the same survival rate of lung cancer victims treated after symptoms appear.

Even the discovery of pre-symptomatic disease, Spock is quick to say, is no reason for celebration. In a recent Utah study, various checkups turned up 499 abnormal results—some 220 of which had not been discovered by family doctors in previous exams. But in only 15% of these cases did the family physician initiate treatment.

Spock also notes that certain procedures—the Pap smear test for cancer of the cervix, screening for hypertension and use of mammograms (breast X-rays)—can be useful. But generally the periodic health exams in no way assure that the



Checking up: can it help? It can't hurt

patient is not already sick, nor that there should be an inflection be detected—early indicators of illness posing his life. "As unpleasant as it may sound, most diseases can be detected only after symptoms appear."

Spock is by no means alone in his belief. "Some people use the annual medical as an excuse to embrace bad health habits," notes Dr. Roger Hays, director of Toronto's St. George Health Centre. "If they get a clean bill of health, they consider it a license to go on smoking or drinking."

In defense of annual checkups for the healthy, family physicians observe that—like nearly all—the periodic medical is undergoing medical transformation, moving away from mass screening and malnutrition, testing and inward detection of two epidemic patterns—cancer and cardiovascular diseases. The new protocol proposition may draw upon two sources: social ills not only to genetic and environmental causes, but to psychosocial roots of disease and cause (change) a patient's medical biography. Applying the new procedures to coronary heart disease, a University of Western Ontario medical team examines primary risk factors (blood pressure, cholesterol levels, smoking habits, heredity, CGs and secondary dangers, the human type, physical activity, stress and acid). From the results, the two team provides a computer-printed statistical definition of one's coronary heart risk. Since it takes up to 20 years for a tumor to grow to a mass detectable by X-ray, one-finding may also be used to establish early cancer risk, especially among those with genetic predisposition.

Beyond such practical merits, many doctors insist that in an age of social chaos the family physician represents a pocket of

without a coach. Says Toronto's Dr. Bob Frazee, "Urban isolation, the impermanence of marriage, the absence of traditional ties are dominant negative forces that leave in their wake a good fraction of stress-induced disease. The annual checkup gives reassurance that one's health is at least intact within the present time frame." Doctors must not only diagnose, they must counsel. And the patient must recognize that the maintenance of health is often the result of self-awareness and self-discipline. With this blend of insights, one may still leave a doctor's office with a blood full of bubbles, but less intoxicated by its refreshed power to fantasize and hope. JAMES W. NEPHEW

## Striking a blow for life

Earlier this fall, television's most laughed-at anchor man, Ted Baxter, suffered a heart attack on the air. He recovered, of course—thanks in part to Mary Tyler Moore's knowledge of an increasingly popular but controversial life-saving technique: CRI.

Short for cardiopulmonary resuscitation, CRI is similar to artificial respiration, its widely taught precursor in the field of life-and-death first aid. Better known to doctors as a woman's swears and preceding mouth-to-mouth or mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, CRI features the crucial step of artificial ventilation designed to create a "holding period" until further treatment is available. Provided by external cardiac compression—the rhythmic



application of manual pressure over the lower half of the breastbone—artificial circulation both keeps the heart pumping and forces blood to the brain—thus averting the irreversible damage that occurs if oxygen stops reaching brain cells.

"Normally beats dying," says Montreal cardiologist Dr. Jean Lemire. "I don't think it would be a bad idea if every adult could apply CRI." To confirm the technique's effectiveness, Lemire cites a 10-year Royal Victoria Hospital study on 1,294 patients who were resuscitated after apparent death. Among 230 survivors, more than half (51%) were still alive after three years—their functional capacities ranking good from below. More pertinently, attempts to revive out-of-hospital cardiac arrest victims yielded a similar result.

But CRI has its share of detractors, in part because of the potential threat—literally a whack on the chest—that forces a doctor's hand to the basic procedure. Says Dr. Bernard Goldman, a Toronto cardiovascular surgeon, "CRI can be a dangerous tool if improperly applied. It can fracture ribs, break ribs, puncture lungs and cause internal bleeding." Warning others Elsevier, director of Montreal's Heart arrest program, says CRI "is too complicated for use by the general public"—and blames the media for promoting the notion that it is easy to learn and apply. When news, for example, that Mary Tyler Moore must have stopped a tanning salon she neglected to turn back Ted Baxter's head to form an arch, and thus prevented his tongue from obstructing airways at the back of the throat, in a recent *Kayak* episode, a doctor mistakenly delivered more than 30 powerful blows to revive his dying wife. Only one of two deaths are recommended.

Nevertheless, the Canadian Heart Foundation is now developing an ap-

Advancing cardiopulmonary resuscitation: the breath and the pump of life



carps of infection, drawn especially from Canadians already qualified under the popular American Heart Association program which has spread across the United States. Grewed to first-line rescue workers (ambulance drivers, paramedics, firefighters, lifeguards) and the potentially high-risk industries and the families of cardiac patients, the CPR training succeeds: programs already offered from Charlottesville to Vancouver by CPR enthusiasts who feel the technique needs wider exposure.

Though medical specialists disagree on the value of CPR training, there is consensus and concern about the increasing rate of cardiac mortality in the early decades (thirties and forties) of adult life. Moreover, some 60% of all cardiac deaths occur before the victim even reaches hospital. Despite the risks, then, says Toronto cardiologist Dr. Anthony Gershon, "CPR may well be the next major step in the reduction of cardiac death." **ELLIE THOMAS**

### On the pain threshold

The white-haired neuroscientist slipped dramatically in mid-presentation "Light, please!" he called. "I'm sorry, but here I have to call a 'nap press.'" Then in the audience of 1,000 shifted in anticipation. Dr. Hans Kornhuber walked to a nearby blackboard to add information as new it had been discovered since his paper was presented a few weeks earlier. Kornhuber's information concerned the effect of drugs on the brain's rapidly changing field of activity operating on the forefront of medicine just 36 years ago: researchers at Johns Hopkins University discovered "opiate receptors" as active cell membranes in the brain. "We found them in the pain pathway in the deeper part of the brain," recalls Dr. Heinrich Snyder, head of the Johns Hopkins laboratory. "These areas concerned with conscious motor coordination and vegetative functions like metabolism are loaded with them."

Remember that the receptors weren't directly concerned—or even close to react to opiate taken externally—researchers began searching for "the brain's own morphine," an opiate-like chemical key that would fit the receptor lock. Last month, he was a gathering of the Society for Neuroscience in Toronto. Kornhuber, of the University of Aberdeen, and Snyder announced that they had both found some keys—peptide chains named endorphins, and endorphins injected into animals, in laboratory tests, the endorphins (a chain of up to 31 amino acids) acted as pain killers. The disease-fighting endorphins, which consist of only five amino acids, were destroyed by enzymes before they could kill pain. The discovery has no immediate benefit but once such is probably not additional to his own morphine work. Here he believes it will one day be possible to produce an endorphin-like drug that will kill pain or alter moods without debilitating side effects. **CONSTANCE MURRAY**

# Films

A terrible beauty is here created



A Mood-splattered Speech: It's not rape—or was it—but now with *The Piano*

CARIE  
Directed by Jane Campion

Carrie is a troubled, repressed teen-ager dominated by an overprotective, ignorant religious-fanatic mother she finds misanthropic in her own idiosyncratically religious power which allow her to move objects about at will. The wrecked girl experiences her first menstrual period in a high-school gym shower, goes into hysterics and suffers the cruel taunts of her more knowing peers. The other girls are punished for their thoughtlessness and consequently they just revenge against poor Carrie, who is unexpectedly asked to the senior dance by the most popular guy in school; she is almost pure genius, and she is so gracefully publicly humiliated. Where goes with all Carrie's psychic power? brought into play all hell breaks loose.

Such are the basic elements of Brian De Palma's *Carrie*, suggesting nothing more ambitious than a series of ultra-wide shots—which render the kids delirious with stinking splendor. But a plot outline gives no hint of the compelling power of this quite remarkable work. De Palma takes the slightly lousy narrative elements and transforms them. He is an outrageous, outrageously opaque, ten percent, isolated religious ritual, which allows him to introduce literal hellfire and brimstone into the film's finale without the slightest slackening of conviction. Post-*Elia* such as *Obsession* have shown his mastery of fluid, sliding camera work. Here for the first time the technical flourish makes the necessary connection with a plot's emotional tension.

His teasing humor encourages us first to

see Carrie's locked-in behavior as comically off-balance, and then to sit goggle-eyed as these oppressed emotions are about to be released. Against the ritualized screaming cry and coarseness of teen sexuality, both naive and yet almost pathographic, Carrie moves catastrophically from innocence to experience. Sissy Spacek's performance as Carrie amazingly charts this progress in all its microscopic variations without ever denigrating De Palma's good yet sinister intent. The unhappy psychological tale of a frightened adolescent, manipulated even by those who care for her, achieves the stylized power of myth.

De Palma illuminates Carrie's rise of passage with a succession of brightened postcard images. The heavy lessons between the girl and her mother (spectacularly played by Piper Laurie with a spirituality that seems heavenly sinners) are performed against symbols of religious obsession. That house with its stables of an eerily strange of St. Sebastian, an dream-scape illustration of *The Last Supper* and its galaxy of votive candles, seems like an altar designed for ritual confrontation. When Carrie achieves her aim, these figures turn into pure quack, the final unshared moments are achingly suspended in time, as the camera circles and watches her, protecting her from the ugly malice that we know is just ahead. And her adolescence is the final destruction as she drifts in silent figure amid the hellfire, no longer a golden isolation.

De Palma did not make us ease, gradually, we become accomplices in Carrie's retribution. Her fiery, terrible vengeance after so agonizingly brief a joy is frighteningly satisfying. **LEAH KATZ**

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## Television

Say: 'I don't believe in Newley and Bricusse.' Maybe they'll fall down dead

Every year as Christmas approaches the television networks drop down carolative chimneys as instruments of gaily snipped boudoir. As usual we'll have our annual war from Rialto's Red-nosed Rindert, Charlie Brown and Theodor Seuss. We'll have holiday extravaganzas featuring Bing Crosby, George Jones and the music of Richard Rodgers. Without doubt, however, the most widely awaited show of the holiday season is NBC's lavish remake of *Peter Pan*, with Mia Farrow as the orphaned hero who will not grow up.

Mary Martin was appearing in a moderately successful Broadway musical version of James Barry's 1904 play in 1957 when she decided to do it on television, too. Like *The Wizard Of Oz*, the show was one of those rare ones of a children's theme that captured adult audiences as well.

It was so popular that the show was repeated live in 1958, and then there was a taped version in 1960 which was shown four times, most recently in 1973. Despite the legendary success, Mary Martin has evidently fagged her wings and flown off to Never-Neverland for the last time. With the arrival of the new version on December 12, the old *Peter Pan* has been permanently nixed. Even if all the viewers who believe in Mary Martin close their eyes and clasp their hands, it won't bring her out of the nix as yet. "This angel will be referred to as 'ghost,'" says William Stocker, NBC's director of special programs. "But we felt it could stand for nothing."

Technically the standards of TV production have changed over the past 10 years in such matters as sets, editing and camera movement. Once the decision had been made to do it over, NBC and Law & Gode of Britain's BBC (which co-produced the new

show in England) decided to throw out the old material and commission a completely new score by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse—and, that's where they made their big mistake.

Mia Farrow, who has to sing much of it, has always had an effish, androgynous charm and her wistful quality makes her peculiarly suited to play a motherless boy. She has been regarded as singing before, but she heavily declined to have herself drastically dubbed by Marna Nixon, who specializes in anonymous warbling for movie stars who can't sing. Farrow proves to have a far less pleasant voice that seems like a perfect extension of her screen personality. The problem is not her singing but what she has been given to sing—poetical but cliché such as *You Can Fly, The Swans With You* and *Growing Up Farrow* doesn't come out like a strong personality but she must have a hidden narrower quality. Her appeal wasn't cancelled by the doer's all around her in *The Great Gatsby*, and it shows through here in spite of songs that would tell the world to harder to open.

As *Captain Hook*, the role impressively taken by Cyril Richard, Danny Kaye goes by with his successful dancer, though his big show-stopper, *The Rooster's Mail Of Fame*, is more or less a straight final from a famous number that Ray Whelan did as *James Fawcett*. Danny Kaye isn't capable of being truly successful, his specialty is a light-footedness and light-headedness that trick the audience to take delight in his foolishness. The villainy of this *Captain Hook* won't score even very young children, it's as clearly foolish as the brightly colored paper-mâché crocodile adroitly known here as "the crock."

The new *Peter Pan* has so much going

for it—talented performers, classy production values and English music in a form as the silver tones of different countries. So John Gielgud—who it's a puzzle why the producers added it with Bricusse and Newley, those deadly enemies of Minsk boudoir. Did they seriously expect the show to take off with songs by the man who between them have influenced the scores of *The Boy Of The Greenwald*, *Keep The World (I Want to Be) Gosh! My Mr. Chips and Scrooge*? It could have been predicted that Bricusse's whimsical songs would bring out the world in Bricusse and Newley, that the running wildness would keep coming. With such a score in this one the comic waster of the show isn't the only crack in this *Peter Pan*.

MARTIN KNEELAND

### Season's grievings

Michèle Douglas, that evanescent *American* actor with the white hair, pocked face and breaking voice, has become something of a specialist at playing outliving old men, most memorably in the movie version of *I Never Sang For My Father*. In Gordon Fraser's Christmas drama *A Gift To Last* (Dec. 10-December 15) Douglas does it again as a Scrooge (like Christmas grandfather, authoritatively on the familiar crotchety face).

Passer's year involves the setting between two generations of one family living in the same house through a flashback to a teenage Victorian Christmas from the old man's childhood. The same old man who says firmly about his own progeny on his own occasion, but trouble, we discover, communicating with his own son Oliver (Alan Smithee)—especially on our traumatic holiday when he is requested to wear a dress and play the Virgin Mary in a family pageant. The city is scored by a Broadway hit, understandingly underplayed by Passer himself in a binky dramatic and grand to us fans.

Like *Passer's The Roadman*, this home-long epic takes us to cover up with charts and goss what it takes in dramatic complexity, and the tape of the company book reveals each headliner, on the previous. But director Stephen King gets accurate performances out of Mark Pally as the young Douglas, and in his own simple-minded way a *Gift To Last* has a good feeling about it. At the end, as O. Henry's threat will probably shake you up—and have you feeling like a fool for being vulnerable to such a catty little television play.

MARTIN KNEELAND



Farrow and Kaye: do you believe in reindeer? If you believe, stop your horse!



# Books

## Bless the beasts and children

For children every Christmas there are plays, folios, dramas and allegories, the best of them imaginatively conceived and presented. But this year there is a distinctive, if subtle change in children's books. The narrative lines are tougher than in years past, the artwork is less sentimental. Though anes, dogs, pigs and cats come in for more, they're damned down to earth and rooted in the real. In the illustrations their teeth are chafed, and they use them in the bones if they're provoked. What follows is a celebration of some of the season's most interesting, least shopworn gifts.

**For the seven-to-nine-year-olds:** books about nature.

The *Jovial Troll-Bird* (Doubleday, \$7.95) by John and Edgar Piers d'Aniere have been writing and drawing Norwegian trolls for almost half a century. A giant chicken stalks the land and tumbles the village, and four children raise him nicely in the end. This picture book has punches in all the d'Anieres' books do, shot with movement in color and reds, black and white. The language is cheerful, and the mythos is presented as a delightful fantasy.

An in opposite, *The Forest of Chloeweg Island* (Dutton, \$7.95) story and art by Hayashi Takahashi, is about peace. On an island in spring, an old couple adopt a fox cub, nurture her, then leave her with her family for the winter. But when darkness war on men and soldiers arrive on the island with the writer. Gradually they shoot the forest. Finally they trap the cub. When the old couple return to the island after the war, fox cubs are no longer in return. Here's a moving indictment of violence.

Man is the hero when he's free to his nature, in *Junior's Christmas*. Man is the enemy when he's not. *Chowdhury Chowdhury* (Collier, \$7.95) deals with the enemy

directly, swiftly and suddenly in terms that are exactly what the story deserves. A crocodile leaps out of a crocodile river in Paris. He travels from Egypt up the Champs Elysees only to discover he's the commodity, not the customer. What can a croc do? Why, swallow a lady and return to Egypt, with his French girlfriend waiting out of his mouth across the Nile. *Chowdhury Chowdhury* is a cheeky plot for an indigenous species, originally rhymed by Peter Nickl, dashing, translated by Ebbel Carter, a Canadian, and beautifully illustrated by Rosina Schneider.

Allegory sprouts young readers to the concept of the orchestra in *Allegory And Music* (Macmillan, \$10.75) by Donald Elton, with Chilton Arrowood. Finding them in on ink and acid. *Allegory* is 15th-century parables, they play instruments, and each instrument tells about its use. The result is elemental and whimsical, and a good way to learn about harmony.



Tigers are the first in Richard Adams' *The Tiger* (Clarke Brown, \$6.95). They're exploring, Raphael and Rachel. Debb, two tigers of the Adams, author of *Watership Down*, starts on calling them, war a welcome and survive to glory in the quest. Londoners throw a banquet in honor of the returning Dubs. For all the world as if they were the protagonists of *Largesse* and *Storky*. And why shouldn't they? *Chowdhury Chowdhury* is a world act, part in a scene outside time and space. The action is odd and tense. *Wish* Dots wants the contents of the *Blue* had's



crocodile egg in the snail the *Blue*, who is about to lay. The egg is hatched in captivity, releasing a company of madly spinning. But because them, *Blue* and all, since he is the only one truly wined to the task in vest, spins collar and cane, he works marvels in an *Edwardian*. *Blue* is one of the first of hatched to turn himself into a hero, if a rat can so dramatically imprint his image, mankind can surely follow.

**For the 10-to-12-year-olds:** books about families and friends introducing children to the way of becoming adults.

A *Fosse* (Langman Canada, \$8.25) is a story of social harmony and the house of Carl Lonsdale, a Swedish artist who captured in rural pleasures in his own paintings, moved the heart of the century. This book is definitely for an adult nature lover and will fill a need for the heavenly content as well. Unfortunately *Lansdale* *Rosenthal's* text, flat and dry, cannot compete with the eloquence of *Lansdale's* own. Fortunately *Lansdale's* work, a visual record of personal emotions, says everything for *Rosenthal* about life as it ought to be.



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# In the world of politics, one man stands head and shoulders below the rest—John Reynolds

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There are, at appropriate intervals, pieces of praise heaped upon certain individuals in Ottawa who are deemed the epitome of all that parliamentary tradition stands for. Whether it is *God, Baudouin* or *Guido*, *Parvateer* or perhaps *Stately Koolhaas*, the muckypolitics are heaped out to attest all the sterling qualities encapsulated in a man who is an ornament to the ceiling. There are a few paragons and they deserve to be recognized.

Monage, however, is a compilation of the worst sort, the true incompetents who so their own way have perished the art of how to be an absolutely infallible politician. I have a recollection, a man I will hold up and defend to the death as my successor for the defective lightweight Minister of Parliament, *Voter*. I give you handsome John Reynolds, the one edition known to! Behind the mask, here's the real man!

Who else one asked the House of Commons to adjourn and today business is done, whereas one of the conservatives should be recognized as a Canadian beauty queen? Who returned to the United States to denounce Canadian law and pledges to help American firms fight Canada? Who did his President's command with gusto and as an outcast, the party better protection bill, fire extinguishing team and Pierre Trudeau's out? Who ran the richest and most disastrous campaign for the Tory leadership? Who is still conducting a one-man campaign to bring back hanging, and may have wandered into various prison riots? Who claims death as my choice of the new incumbent as *Worst* in Ottawa?

The surprising thing about the man chosen for this honor is the direction he has taken. He was an entrepreneur 30 when first elected in 1972. His British Columbia constituency of *Brandy-Redden-Delta* has the largest number of voters (51,000) of any riding in Western Canada at a time when the tide is running toward the Tories. By 1975 he had the largest riding majority in an AC. He would seem to have everything going his way. Reynolds instead has chosen the low road, the shadow route, the bar-line philosophy of life. There are games on Parliament Hill and there are Lullapans. John Reynolds is from *Leiflight*. Since, would he spend his winters in Toronto, but raised in Montreal where high school didn't prove so enticing as a sales career at Woodward's. Later it was with approximately *Rex Craft* greening cubs and then with something called *Business Relations*. He spent time in San Francisco and did displays of that touch American self-advertisement glitzer that

makes him appear so strange in double-breasted Ottawas. He is a trendy suburban and rather good looking, somewhat resembling a free dealer on a Mississippi paddle-steamer. He is his riding, a southern slant of Vancouver that displays all the vice of suburban growth—all that real estate mania, suburban and safe shopping, out-of-the-club, credit-card confusion. John gets his name in the headlines and sees I think what politics is all about.



He has the attention span of a born-madman. Disapproving press critics attempt to zero in on one of his opinions to zero only to find he has fled the subject. Staying on, yet another one-day crisis. Mary Scanlon was killed within an hour. Reynolds is far off Ottawa suddenly his evidence that 15 hostages were found to drink "mosses down" of a bygone day. How about it, know? He has long documented "Whoops it's tomorrow's paper and another issue. How and Hughes in the news? Reynolds is suddenly the champion of a shady Hughes wife when on his riding and close to the CIA is a young one. He is a man who looks looking for the illegal "spy" and conclude the whole thing may be a hoax.

Wherever there is a fast suit of prejudice Reynolds is there is a great lack a bloodhound rooting out the mafia. The thought of a French TV station in Vancouver (the only link missing in the national network) of course infuriated the Reynolds psyche. He took an ad in the

paper, collected 18,000 signatures against the station and was prominent in the Civic League's suburban agreement to a Cause for a Day. Hanging? The decision of the Commons is not good enough. Reynolds now wants a referendum (at a time when all parties in Ottawa oppose René Lévesque's plans to hold a referendum). The *Van* owner *San* columnist *Jack W. Newman* has written that Reynolds, by charging into the PC race, may have accidentally triggered the nation's net that caused our million dollars in damage.

The most hilarious incident in the short career of this overreacher was when he viewed himself as a future prime minister. The TV camera with all were the night Robert Stanfield lost the 1974 election when Reynolds was announcing that the party needed a new leader, one closer to the right way. His statements may have been connected with the fact that Stanfield, no fan of the Reynolds Woodward's breakfast, left him so far back on the back benches he stayed on the back benches the entire time and he almost suffered a severe attack of the mumps. As any one, early in 1975—more than a year before Stanfield was to step down—Reynolds became the first candidate in the field, announced a \$100-a-plate dinner for himself in the House of Commons chaired by a *crusty* Australian, an captain turned military owner and a former hanging judge. When the 1,000 peasant guests turned out to be some 30, the dinner was shorted and Reynolds lost another potential at *Business Drive*.

There have been further embarrassments. There was, for instance, that circus trip to Washington state to meet Senator *Sammy Jackson* when Reynolds pledged to support any U.S. antismoking legislation against Ottawa's Bill C-58. Which ends his contention for Canadian firms advertising in the United States. Naming the Reynolds quote that "most Canadians should support any American measure to strengthen our government." The *Province* *Times* suddenly nominated him for person of the year.

Handsome John is far more ideal for modern politics. He has no shame. His impossible to maintain once he is headed off peacefully in the next opinion unit, good for at least two radio clips and the street news. It could be that there is some basic need within the political system for men of shallow persuasion to bounce across the surface of public affairs like a skipping stone. The next time you hear all the speaker at dinner clubs ramble on about the gains that of the *Leiflight* man



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